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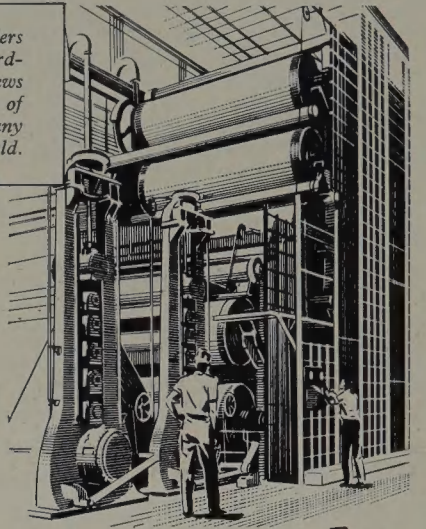
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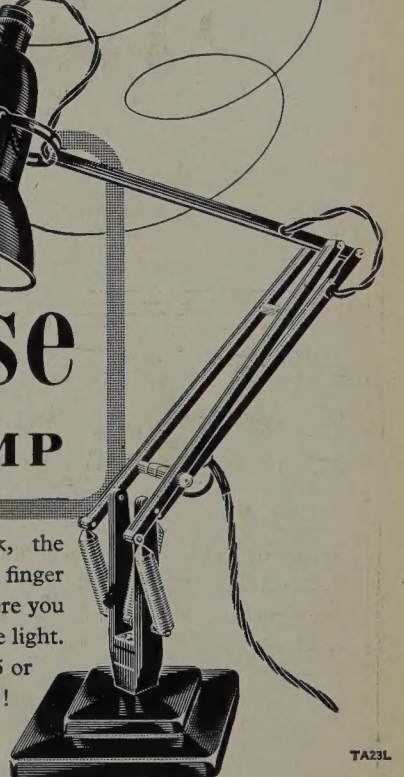
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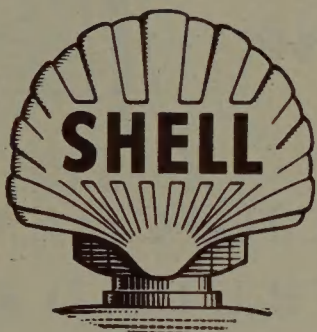


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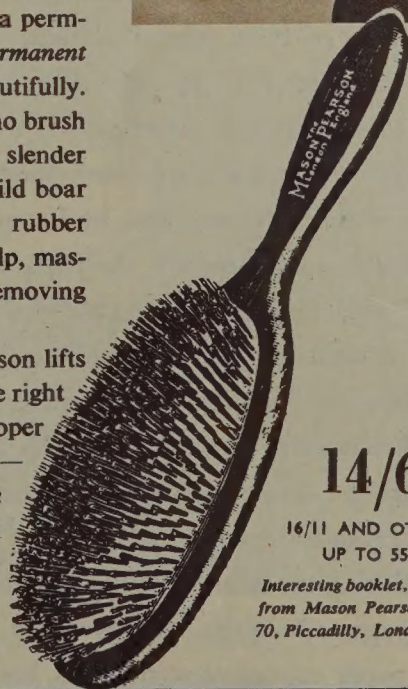
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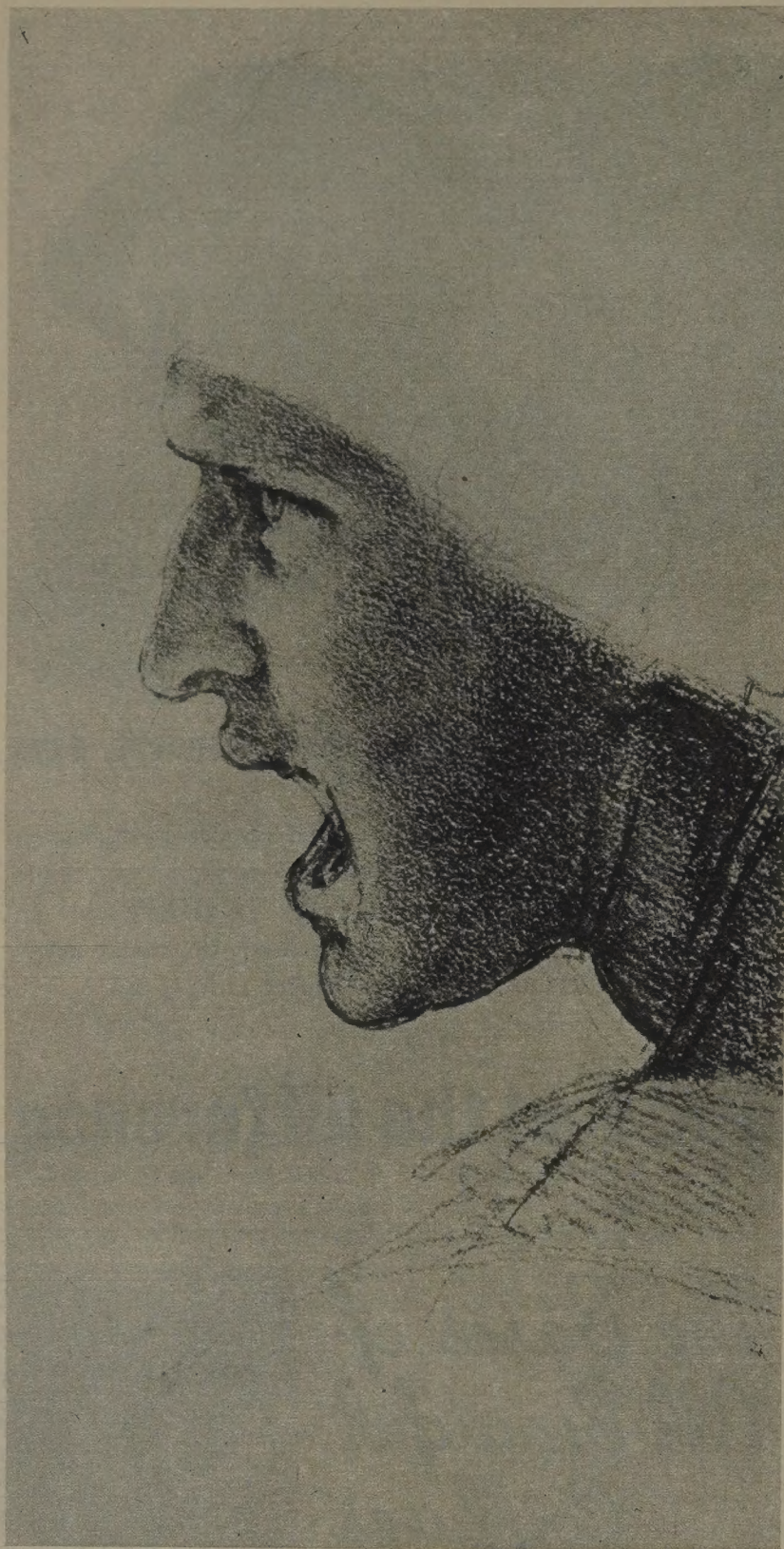
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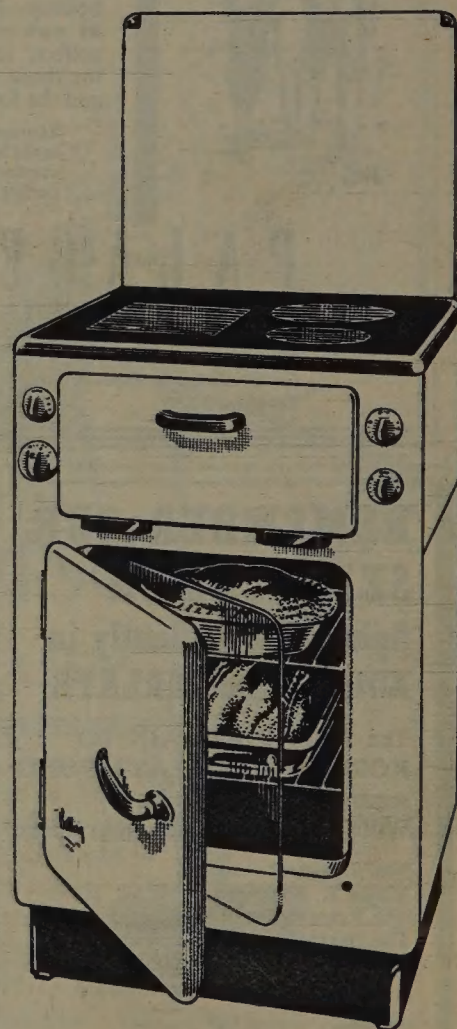
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1953.



THREE AGAINST MAU MAU: MRS. KITTY HESSELBERGER (STANDING), MRS. RAYNES-SIMSON AND THEIR BOXER DOG (LEFT) WHO BETWEEN THEM ROUTED FOUR ARMED KIKUYU WHO ATTACKED THEM IN THIS ROOM.

In this room, on January 2, two European women fought and routed a Mau Mau gang who burst in on them armed with native knives. In describing the attack, Mr. Michael Blundell, leader of the European elected members in the Legislature, said: "Everybody has gained encouragement from the example of these women, from their example of readiness, cool confidence and bravery." Our photograph shows Mrs. Hesselberger and Mrs. Raynes-Simson in the positions they were in at the time of the attack. Mrs. Hesselberger, who had risen from her chair to crack a nut, was taken unawares and carried backwards across the chair as a man

with a rope in his hands rushed at her and grasped her throat. Her Boxer dog jumped on the assailant. Meanwhile Mrs. Raynes-Simson snatched a revolver and fired at two Kikuyu coming towards her. One fell dead. She then turned to the aid of Mrs. Hesselberger, and shot the assailant, wounding him. He let go and ran from the room, followed by the other two men, and by the two women. Mrs. Hesselberger, having found her automatic, fired shots in the unlit passage, killing an African who turned out to be their cook. Other photographs and details of their courageous action appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE letters of Admirals to *The Times* have formed for more than a century one of the Navy's secret weapons: a kind of reserve fleet for safeguarding the Service's interests and blowing sky-high out of the water all who threaten its vital needs and noble traditions. When attacked on shore the Royal Navy is almost as formidable an adversary as when attacked on water. And it seems the gravest presumption in a mere layman, and

a land-lubber at that, to challenge the *obiter dicta* of an Admiral on a naval subject. Yet, though I have as great an admiration for the Royal Navy as any man living and yield to none in my belief that upon its work the safety and well-being of this Realm mostly depend, and though I have a particularly high regard for the particular Admiral who wrote it, I found myself unable to agree with the conclusions of a letter which appeared in *The Times* recently, urging that, as opposed to the provision of a long-range bomber striking-force as a form of national security, "absolute priority" should be given to the defence of sea-borne trade. For absolute priority is a large term, and history suggests that those who in war give "absolute priority" to any kind of defence, naval or otherwise, are nearly always defeated by a resolute opponent. The Maginot mentality can be just as dangerous in Admirals as in Generals, and the greatest traditions of the Royal Navy have not been primarily, still less absolutely, those of defence. "The best defence for this country," wrote the greatest of all Admirals, "is to place myself alongside the enemy's ports." Every schoolboy knows how it was he treated the signal of a commander-in-chief who put defence before attack. The best defence for this country and its ocean trade-routes, I would suggest with all deference, is to attack the bases from which the threat to our sea-borne trade comes. And if we cannot effectively attack them by weapons carried by ships alone—and it seems that we cannot—we must attack them by weapons carried by land-based aircraft. The absolute and overriding priority is that if war comes, we should be able to attack them. That is why, though I regard the Royal Navy as the most efficient fighting organisation ever created by this or probably any other nation, I incline to the view of the Air Marshals. The technical issues involved are far beyond my knowledge, or that, probably, of all but a very few. But as a matter of broad strategic and historic principle, I feel that for once an Admiral must be wrong. I am very reluctant to think this, for, like most of my countrymen, I like to feel that Admirals are always right! What is more, throughout our history they usually have been. They were certainly so in 1914; and, though the Air Marshals were also right then, too—and saved Britain's existence by being so—our preparedness at sea and ability to keep ourselves an island and maintain the ocean trade-routes was the one sheet-anchor left to civilisation in the great storm that burst on an unprepared world in 1939. It was the gullible British public and Treasury that had been wrong, and not merely—as is now conveniently supposed—the late Lord Baldwin, who at least did far more than any other politician to coax and manoeuvre the British public out of their fatuous illusion about the righteousness of disarmament and was blameworthy only in paying too much attention to the penny-wise, pound-foolish logic of the Treasury. But, though the Royal Navy and its wise Admiralty will, I believe, like England, "stand till the day of judgment," and though I hope that one day, through a union with the Royal Air Force, they will resume their rightful premier place as the shield and sword of Britain and the Commonwealth, there is no escaping two very awkward facts. The first is that since the 1930's the seas have shrunk in relation to shore-based weapons to such an extent that in narrow waters—especially those round Britain's southern and eastern shores—warships have become as vulnerable to aircraft within a hundred or so miles of the coast as they formerly were to shore-batteries within a few miles. Even as long ago as 1940 no large British warship could

have operated in the Straits of Dover had the Luftwaffe won the Battle of Britain, and probably no small one either. The other new strategic factor is that the land area which Britain and her American ally will have to besiege with their sea-power in the event of global war has become infinitely larger. When Britain in the days of Nelson and Collingwood had to contain the attempt of France to conquer the world, or in those of Beattie and

Jellicoe, and Andrew Cunningham and Tovey, that of Germany, the enemy could be enclosed within the quadrilateral formed by the North Sea, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Russian frontier. Once, therefore, complete mastery of the encircling seas had been won, attacking expeditionary forces trained and equipped, and Russia mobilised and launched against the aggressor, it was comparatively easy to invade and disarm the latter. But now the potential enemy's frontiers, even in peacetime, extend from the Elbe to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the mountain-approaches of India, and in war may well extend even further. The sea forces defending liberty round the Euro-Asiatic continent's immense circumference will have a far tougher nut to crack than they have ever experienced before. They can scarcely expect to do so by sea-borne weapons, and they cannot hope to do so by armies alone. American and British armoured divisions will never by themselves be able to dictate peace in the Kremlin and enforce the rule of law on the land-mighty Kalmuck imperialists, however perfect their mastery of the sea communications behind them. Nor is it any use their relying on defence alone; wars have never been won by defence alone, and probably never will be. The initiative—and victory—are always in the end with the attacker. General Ridgway, if given no other weapon but an inevitably out-numbered army, is no more likely to avert defeat than General Gamelin. These are unpleasant truths, but it is no use burking them; the ostrich was never an emblem of victory or even survival. Our older-fashioned Admirals, and the statesmen, administrators and electors who supply them with weapons, must raise their eyes from the watery horizons they have so long commanded. They must look to the skies, and not only to the skies over the seas, but the skies over the would-be aggressor's land. Even in the last war victory could never have been achieved had we not done so. Without the destruction wrought in the industrial towns and factories of Germany by Bomber Command and the American day-bombers, the Russians would never have reached Berlin. And without the long arm which enabled us to strike across hundreds of miles, not only of sea but of enemy land, to blast the evil magician's fiery alembic at Peenemünde, neither London nor our southern ports would be in existence to-day, and the D-Day armies could never have crossed the Rhine or even the Seine. Those who ungratefully complain of the "disproportionate effort" given in the

last war to that uncomplaining force and its heroic achievement—and no victorious operation in war was ever attended by higher comparative casualties—have forgotten how narrow was our escape from Hitler's new aerial weapons, and that those weapons are to-day in the hands of those who appear to have taken his place. And the subsequent development of a far more potent weapon of destruction from the air not yet used in Europe or Britain—the atomic bomb—has made, for the time being, the offensive from the air the decisive factor in any war: decisive possibly within the first few weeks of hostilities. The next war, if it comes, will not be like the last; no war in any age of science ever is. Let us by all means study how to guard the sea-routes across which we are fed and supplied; we shall starve if we do not. But let us also remember the old adage, enshrined in our memories of Drake and Nelson, that the best means of defence is attack. Let us remember that science has made Bomber Command as much as Coastal Command and Fighter Command a weapon of sea-power and, if it is strong enough, the one certain weapon that can deter aggressors and, if they will not be deterred, bring them to their knees.

MAU MAU MURDERS IN KENYA.



THE SCENE OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY MURDER: THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. C. H. FERGUSON AND HIS PARTNER, MR. RICHARD BINGLEY, WERE SLASHED TO DEATH. MR. J. TIMMERMAN, OF THE C.I.D., CAN BE SEEN QUESTIONING MR. FERGUSON'S KIKUYU COOK OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.



SCENE OF ONE OF THE MOST AUDACIOUS MAU MAU OUTRAGES: THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL AT KIAMBU; AN ARMED GUARD IS ON DUTY OVER PATIENTS (LEFT). IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM IN WHICH THE LOYAL KIKUYU CHIEF HINGA WAS MURDERED.

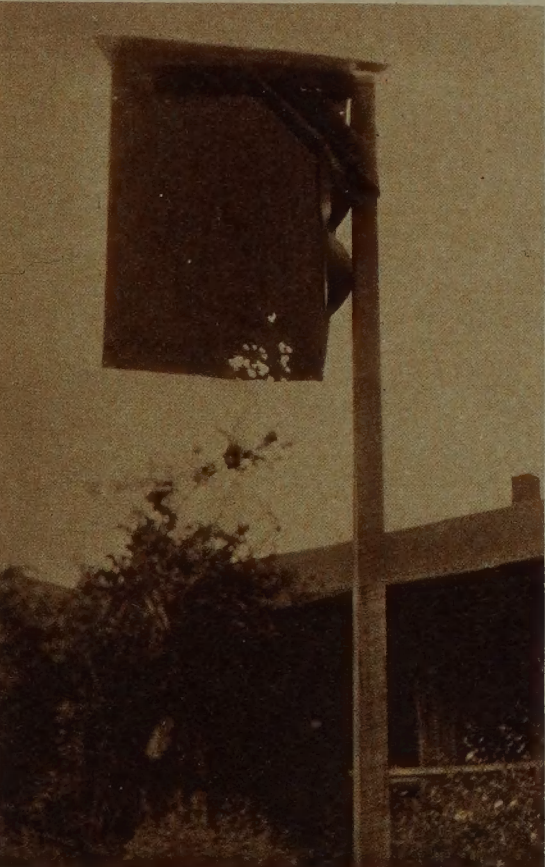
Tension in the Thomson's Falls district was increased on January 2 by the news that two more British farmers, Mr. C. H. Ferguson, aged sixty, and his partner, Mr. Richard Bingley, aged twenty-three, had been murdered on New Year's Day. Mr. Ferguson was killed by knife slashes at the door of the dining-room, and Mr. Bingley, who had managed to make his way into the adjoining room, was killed there. Mr. Ferguson's Kikuyu cook was tied up in the kitchen, but eventually managed to get free and gave the alarm. Following close on this outrage came one of the most audacious of the Mau Mau crimes yet committed. On the evening of January 4 a Kikuyu walked into a ward of the Government hospital at Kiambu and shot dead the loyal Kikuyu chief Hinga in his bed. Hinga was being treated for wounds received in an ambush eight days earlier.

THE NYERI HOMESTEAD WHERE TWO WOMEN ROUTED A MAU MAU GANG.



(ABOVE.) THE HOMESTEAD IN WHICH MRS. RAYNES-SIMSON AND MRS. HESSELBERGER FOUGHT AND REPELLED THE MAU MAU INTRUDERS. THE LANTERN OUTSIDE, LIT AFTER DARK, IS PART OF THE WARNING SYSTEM. (SEE LOWER LEFT PHOTOGRAPH.)

ON this page we show the bungalow, standing in an English-type garden on a farm 20 miles from Nyeri, where South African-born Mrs. "Dot" [Continued opposite.



SHOT OUT ON THE NIGHT OF THE ATTACK AS A SIGNAL TO THE NEIGHBOURS: THE LANTERN OUTSIDE THE HOMESTEAD, SHOWING THE BULLET HOLES.



ON THE STEPS OF THEIR HOMESTEAD IN THE MWEIGA AREA OF NYERI: MRS. RAYNES-SIMSON (LEFT) AND MRS. HESSELBERGER WITH THEIR COCKER SPANIEL. THE TWO WOMEN WERE LISTENING TO THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS AT THE TIME OF THE ATTACK.

[Continued.] African was found near the kitchen door. The women then reloaded their guns and went to the bathroom, where one of the gang had locked himself in. Both fired through the door and the man, who was wounded, escaped through the window. He was later arrested, found to be the houseboy, and charged with complicity in the attack.

[Continued.] Raynes-Simson, and Mrs. Kitty Hesselberger, who was born in Britain of German parents, coolly and courageously repelled an attack by a Mau Mau gang on January 2. After the scene indoors, described beneath the photograph on our frontispiece, the gang ran away, hotly pursued by the two women, who fired at them. Later, a dead [Continued below, centre.



NOW IN CUSTODY: THE KIKUYU HOUSEBOY, BELIEVED TO BE IMPLICATED IN THE RAID, WHO WAS SHOT IN THE ARM DURING THE ATTACK.



IN SEARCH OF MAU MAU GATHERINGS IN TROUBLED KENYA: FLYING WITH A POLICE AIR PATROL OUT FROM NAIROBI. IN THE FOREGROUND, A EUROPEAN COFFEE FARM.



THE SITE OF "OPERATION BLITZ"; THE DENSELY-WOODED FOOTHILLS OF THE ABERDARE RANGE, IN WHICH GANGS OF DESPERATE MAU MAU TERRORISTS HAVE TAKEN REFUGE.

ON AERIAL PATROL AFTER MAU MAU TERRORISTS: AIR PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THREATENED

These interesting photographs were taken during the course of a police aerial patrol over parts of Kikuyuland and the Aberdare Mountains, and illustrate very clearly the nature of the country, with its innumerable homesteads, either isolated or in small groups, and with, convenient to the worst Mau Mau districts, the

virtually impenetrable cover of the forests of the Aberdare Range. Aerial patrol, however, does enable unusual movements or concentrations of Kikuyu to be observed and reported at very great speed, although it is of less use in tracking the movements of small bands of Mau Mau desperadoes. It is known that numbers



FLYING LOW OVER A KIKUYU VILLAGE. LITTLE NATIVE ACTIVITY WAS SEEN DURING THIS PATROL ; AND THIS WAS THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF KIKUYU OBSERVED.



KIKUYU HOMESTEADS ON THE FRINGE OF THE ABERDARES. SUCH NATIVE FARMERS HAVE BEEN TERRORISED INTO GIVING FOOD TO THE MAU MAU IN THE NEAR-BY FORESTS.

OMESTEADS, EUROPEAN AND KIKUYU, AND THE DENSE FOREST IN WHICH THE TERRORISTS LURK.

of the latter have taken refuge in the Aberdares, and on January 5 (just before General Sir Brian Robertson arrived in Kenya) a major operation called "Operation Blitz" opened in the forest area at the northern end of the Aberdares, in an attempt to round up the gangs operating from there. Taking part in this operation

were Lancashire Fusiliers, men of the Kenya Regiment and K.A.R., police and police reserves, and a special force of police reserves, Wanderobo trackers and Kikuyu from Nyeri. During the operation General Robertson visited the Aberdares, where some early successes had already been achieved.

ANTI-MAU-MAU RITUAL: A WITCH-DOCTOR ADMINISTERS THE KABICHO.



PREPARING FOR THE CEREMONY: THE WITCH-DOCTOR (FANCY BAND ROUND HAT) ARRANGING HIS WAND AND OTHER PROPERTIES REQUIRED FOR THE ANTI-MAU-MAU OATH, *KABICHO*.

THE following information has reached us from a correspondent in Kenya. One of the most powerful witch-doctors in Kenya, a Mkamba, Kiunguti Kitibo, has been assisting in anti-Mau-Mau activities in Kikuyuland. He is the only witch-doctor capable of administering the oath called *Kabicho* (untranslatable into English), the breaking of which means death. He is assisted by his son (the position is hereditary), and has already given this oath to several thousands of Wa-Kikuyu in Embu and Nyeri districts. *Kabicho* in many ways resembles a



THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS: THEY INCLUDE A WAND, A HOLLOWED STONE WHICH CONTAINS BLOOD AND "MEDICINE" AND SECRET NOSTRUMS.



SEATED IN A ROW IN A PROMINENT POSITION: THE ELDERS OF THE DISTRICT WATCHING PROCEEDINGS AT A *BARAZA*, DURING WHICH THE *KABICHO* OATH WILL BE ADMINISTERED.

Mau-Mau oath, and this is partly why its mysticism has a strong appeal. If taken by the guilty without confession, the taker will die. If broken, the taker will die. A *Baraza* is first held at which the Government's position is explained. The witch-doctor and Elders then explain the significance of the *Kabicho*. No one is forced to take the oath; but obviously those who abstain will be noted. All who confess to having taken the Mau-Mau oath are told to sit on one side, and go through the cleansing ceremony, conducted by the witch-doctor's son. This entails being

[Continued below.]



ILLUSTRATING HOW THOSE WHO ATTEND THE *BARAZA* ARE DIVIDED INTO THE "INNOCENTS" AND THOSE WHO WISH TO CONFESS TO HAVING TAKEN THE MAU-MAU OATH: A GENERAL VIEW.



PRIOR TO THE CLEANSING CEREMONY AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE *KABICHO*: A LOYAL ELDER OF THE DISTRICT ADDRESSING THE *BARAZA* AND EXPLAINING THE ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT.



SHOWING HOW THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S WAND IS GRASPED BY THE HANDS OF THE ELDERS: THE ROD STANDS IN A HOLLOWED STONE CONTAINING BLOOD AND "MEDICINE."



THE SOLEMN CEREMONY OF THE SEALING OF THE *KABICHO* OATH: THE WITCH-DOCTOR (WEARING HAT) PLACES HIS ROD AGAINST THE MOUTH OF THE TAKER.



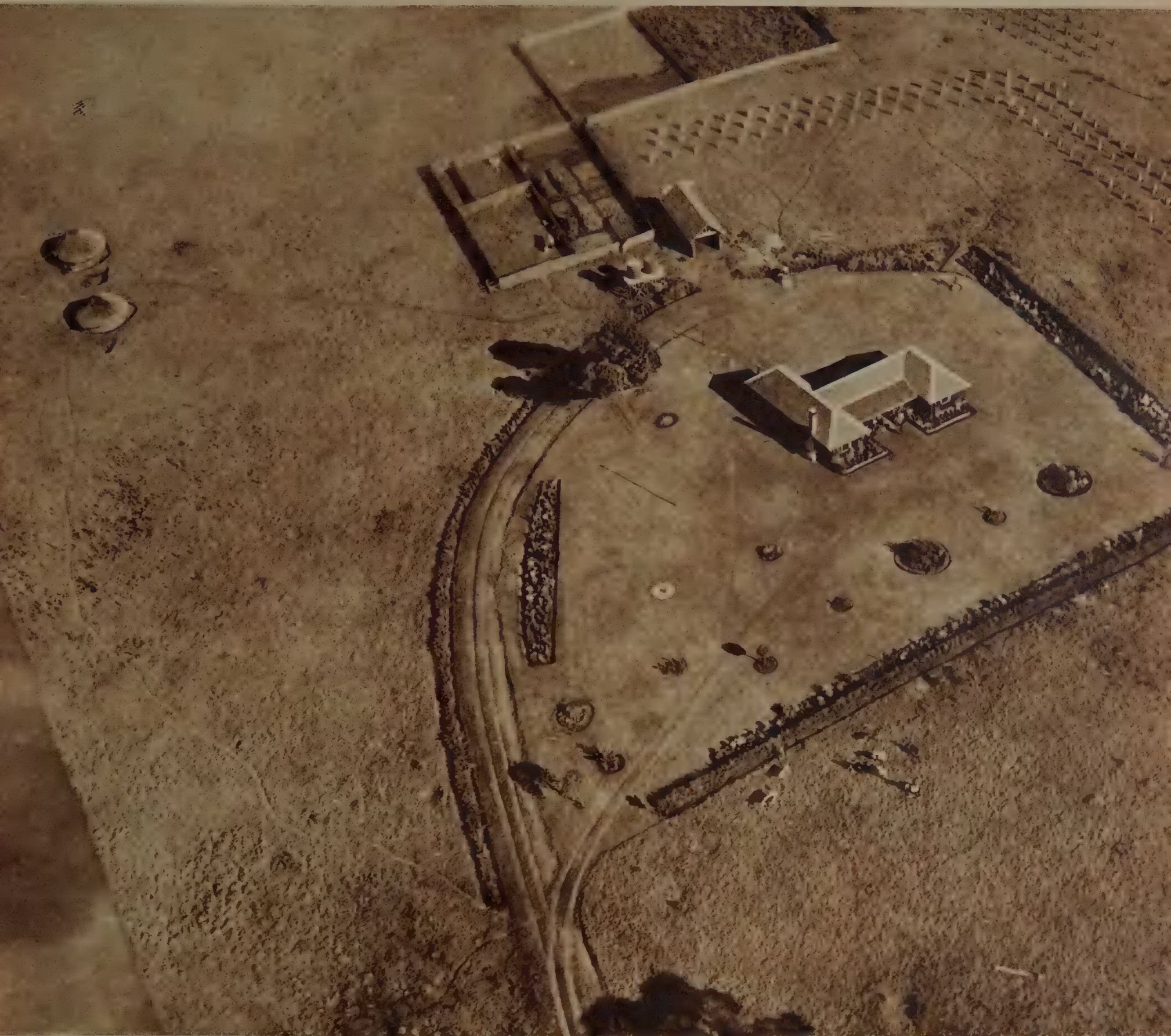
CLEANSING THOSE WHO HAVE TAKEN THE MAU-MAU OATH: THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S SON RUBS THEIR HEADS, ARMS, BREASTS AND LEGS WITH BANANA LEAVES DIPPED IN "MEDICINE."

[Continued.]

wiped on the head, arms, breast and legs with banana leaves dipped in "medicine." Names are then taken. The Elders meanwhile sit in state near the witch-doctor, who is installed beneath a tree, surrounded by his "medicines," most of which are secret formulæ. Some have been obtained from the ritual slaughter of a steer and a male goat. Prior to the ceremony, blood features in the ritual. Small pieces of meat from different organs of the slaughtered beasts are skewered with a stick; maize grains or beans are also used. The district Elders are the first to curse Mau-Mau, each holding a gourd of beer which they afterwards sip. Taking grains of maize in their linked hands they throw the maize to the ground, cursing the crops of the Mau-Mau and their adherents. A curse is called down on the

Mau-Mau cattle by casting down pieces of meat. An Elder then holds the skewered meat and, facing the assembly, curses Mau-Mau again. The Elders then each with one hand grasp the witch-doctor's wand, which stands in a hollowed stone filled with blood and "medicine," and chant a further curse against Mau-Mau, swearing to assist their Chief and the Government in every effort to destroy Mau-Mau and violence, and to give all possible information. Their lips are then touched with the lower end of the rod, which seals the oath. Voluntary clerks, sometimes Mission School teachers, take names, and generally the charge of 1s. is made to cover the cost of the slaughtered animals. The oath is then administered to the general company by tens, a long proceeding which continues for several hours.

AIR AND GROUND PATROLS, AND THE MAU MAU THREAT TO THE SETTLER.



A TRIM BUT ISOLATED EUROPEAN HOMESTEAD IN KENYA—FROM THE AIR—WITH, LEFT, NATIVE WORKERS' HUTS WHICH MAU MAU HAS TURNED INTO A SOURCE OF UNEASY DOUBT.



AS THE POLICE AIRCRAFT PATROLS ABOVE, TWO MILITARY LORRIES MOVE ALONG THE ROAD IN A GROUND PATROL, PAST THE HUTS OF A SETTLEMENT IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE.

After his tour of the troubled area of Kenya, General Sir Brian Robertson said that martial law was not the answer to Mau Mau terrorism. Nothing, he said, would be gained by taking responsibility away from professionals and experts and handing it over to soldiers who were not experts in law, and probably would not be able to speak the language. The Police Commissioner, Mr. M. S. O'Rorke, said that

the situation had not deteriorated: "Mau Mau has been decapitated, the head and shoulders are off, but the body itself continues to wriggle around a lot"; and he admitted that there was increased Mau Mau activity against isolated settlers. Such settlers provided "an enormous target" for outlawed Mau Mau gangs; and recent events have led them to distrust even their own servants.

FORTUNES FROM COAL.

"NORTH COUNTRY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE NORTH-EAST, 1700-1750"; By EDWARD HUGHES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

GOODNESS knows what records, or, for that matter, rare books, went during that wild war-time push for pulp-paper, which was to fulfil some vital function in the Munitions Drive. Of one tiny section of books I had a glimpse. There was, in a country district with which I was familiar, a sturdy appeal for a Mile of Books. There were breaks in the Mile where no houses were; but what I saw did suggest to me that a good deal more money might have been made for the Treasury by selling selections from this long single rank which bordered the foot-path, partly members of the raggedest regiment of books, but partly immaculately dressed Guards, fit for many years of service, than could have been raised by pulping. When this sort of appeal is made there are always people, in cottage and villa, who will

Nuffield doesn't endow it as an extra Oxford or Cambridge, both those Universities being now so crowded to be risking their identity—with papers saved from the wreck. Mr. Hughes went to Durham in 1939 and gave as his inaugural Lecture a talk on "North Country Life in the Eighteenth Century." That put him into somebody's head as a Referee on extruded manuscripts.

"Little did I realize what was in store for me. In the following autumn I learnt that some five or six old chests stuffed with manuscripts had been deposited by Colonel Spain at the Blackgate, in the keep of the old castle overlooking the Tyne; and I was asked, as a local consultant of the British Records' Association, to examine them before they were consigned to the pulp-mill. It was evident at a glance—once the dust of two centuries was removed—that they were the letters, account books, and papers of the lords of the manors of Gateshead and Whickham, once the richest coal-bearing manors in this country." The "blitz" was over; and the MSS. might still have met another form of destruction. But "when things quietened down somewhat," Mr. Hughes arranged for their deposit in the strong room in the Public Library at Gateshead. There he found that another and "cleaner" part of the same collection was arranged and hand-listed, already present. That assembly is now known as the "Ellison MSS." The contents of the chests, still unlisted, are to be called the Cotesworth MSS.

The names are linked, and Cotesworth in this book is the dominant figure amongst the many "new men" (some of them of not very "new" families) who became prominent and wealthy in the early stages of the Industrial Revolution in Northern England. Cotesworth was a yeoman's son who, in 1682, was apprenticed to a mercer and tallow-chandler in Gateshead, and a typical example of the sort of man who, through sheer drive, "gets through" whenever taxation and officialdom make the process possible for an honest person. His master died; when he had completed his apprenticeship with the widow, he "formed a family partnership with his late master's son, on capital partly lent by the widow, and he eventually married his partner's sister-in-law." The partnership broke up; the two partners were not equally strenuous; tallow and corn were not enough for Cotesworth: "By 1705, like the Liddells a century earlier, we

find him engaged in a highly miscellaneous trade exporting grindstones, lead, glass-bottles, and later salt to Holland, Hamburg, and the Baltic ports, and importing flax, hemp, madder and whale-bone in return. At the same time he shipped vast quantities of tallow and salt to the London market, buying in return indigo and costly dyestuffs, besides hops, sugar and tobacco. When conditions permitted he imported wines direct from Bordeaux and Spain—the new northern gentry were nice connoisseurs of claret and port—and corn from the west country. In May of that year he branched out into a new line of business and obtained from the dean and chapter of Durham a lease, jointly with Dean Montague himself, of exclusive way-leave rights... with leave to build a wagon-way for the carriage of coals and grindstones to Jarrow staith.... He came to specialise in obtaining way-leave rights of this kind, thereby threatening to hold to ransom coal-owners of the neighbouring hinterland.... Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign he began to acquire salt-pans at Shields where ancient proprietors, including his kinsman, Michael Cotesworth, were going down like ninepins, thanks to the recent heavy duties on the commodity, vexatious restrictions, and unequal competition. By the end of the reign he claimed to be the biggest salt proprietor in the kingdom.... Soon after he was a substantial mine-owner himself. He became Mayor of Gateshead and Sheriff of Northumberland; he acquired Gateshead Park, and looked like establishing a solid county family. In the male line "Fate cheated him." He had two sons, from whom there are interesting letters here, written from Sedbergh, Cambridge and the Temple. They both died in early manhood. One daughter married Carr, the other an Ellison; for the portrait of Cotesworth here given Mr. Hughes thanks Captain Carr-Ellison, so the continuity seems not to have been broken. Many other north-country

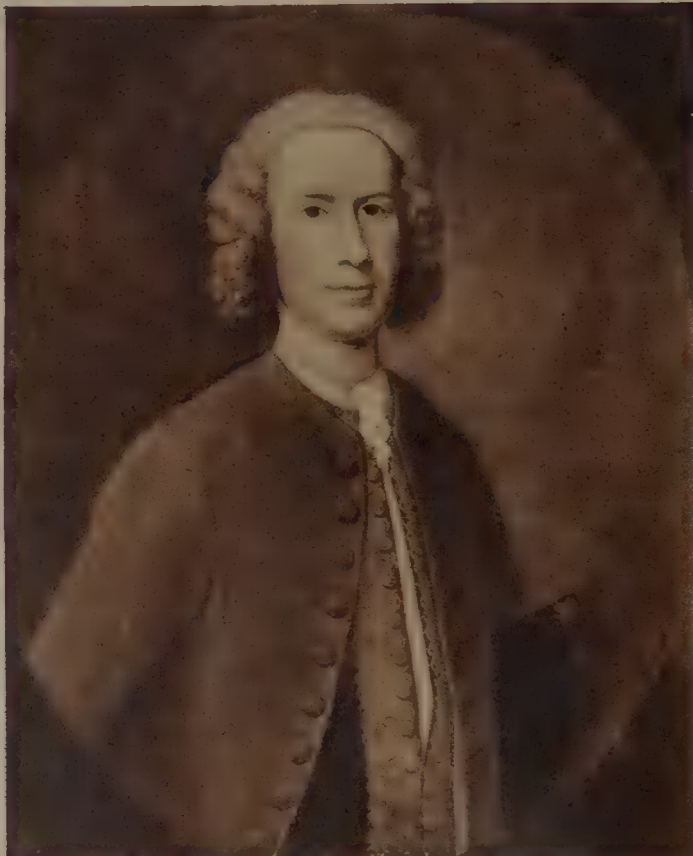
families, as land-owners, coal-owners, speculators and politicians, cross these pages. I think Mr. Hughes's terminal map might have been accompanied by a few genealogical tables: e.g., that of Bowes, name

ultimately linked with the ancient Scottish name of Lyon, and that of Liddell, Lord Ravensworth, whose descendants included Dean Liddell, of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, father of the Alice of "Alice in Wonderland."

No brief connected account of this volume can be given. The letters and papers cover every aspect of life: later specialist historians will distil what they want out of Mr. Hughes's chapters on Farming and the Coal Trade, the Bishopric, Politics, Social Conditions in the North and Diversions. Amongst the "diversions" freely mentioned are Music and the Theatre, horse-racing, gardening and foreign travel. But there is one, apparently symptomatic of the perennial passion for gambling in this country (a country which, in a governess-like manner, will not permit Sweeps; even for so laudable a cause as that of the Hospitals, though those, I know, are now past sweeping for) of which I don't think I have ever heard. In 1741 H. T. Carr wrote: "People must have a great Itch for gaming or be much at a loss for something to kill time if so silly a game as Roly-Poly can have its followers; it will be difficult for an Act of Parliament to prove effectual and be able to conquer such a monster which, hydra-like, will have new heads starting up as fast as the old ones are cut off." We have all heard of pitch-and-toss, housey-housey, pontoon, crown and anchor, pools and other forms of investment: but, what on earth was Roly-Poly?



PROFESSOR EDWARD HUGHES, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Professor Hughes has been Professor of History in the University of Durham since 1939. He was previously Lecturer in Modern History and Senior Lecturer in History, the University, Manchester, from 1927 to 1939. His publications include "Studies in Administration and Finance, 1558-1825."



A MERCHANT WHO ESTABLISHED A COUNTY FAMILY: WILLIAM COTESWORTH, A GREAT FORCE IN THE COAL TRADE, WHO WAS LORD OF THE MANOR OF GATESHEAD, 1716-26.

From a portrait by Gibson, reproduced by permission of Captain Carr-Ellison.

(since Their Country, which does sometimes mean some Official Busybody, asks them) sacrifice their poor literary all, about which they may not know very much except that it has long been part of the family furniture, just as the poor Italian peasant-women threw their wedding-rings into the melting-pot for Mussolini's demented Abyssinian adventure, from which, and the contemporary semi-paralysis of the lumbering League of Nations, spring all our present woes. As for the written records, who can say? Muniment-rooms, long regarded as such, may not have been very vulnerable. But "what about all that old stuff in that attic—or those cellars—probably only a lot of old bills and accounts, no earthly good to us, and, if they want 'em, Good Luck to 'em?" may have been said by many a father whose son was going to the front, and by many a son, returning to certain danger and possible death, and aware that the next whack of taxation must turn him out of house and home—but unaware that he himself in later years, or some more scholarly young son of his, might feel that whatever else went the family papers oughtn't to have gone, being the evidence of the roots of one oak amongst the forest of oaks which is England—an even larger and more flourishing forest were all the population, to whom official records are now available, to take the slightest interest in their ancestry.

We did hear, occasionally, during that hectic "drive," of unique things intercepted and saved: I think there was a young woman antiquary in Northamptonshire who saved unique items from the bonfire. We didn't, in the nature of events, hear about the things which went. Now we are once more presented—in the first volume "sponsored" by the University of Durham, which University, like that of Saint Andrew's, is so situated, and has so antique a background, that it is a pity that some munificent



"TYPICAL OF HIS KIND, WEAK IN RESOLUTION, YET LOVABLE IN ADVERSITY": SIR WILLIAM CHAYTOR, FIRST BARONET. A SUPPORTER OF CHARLES I., HE WAS SEIZED "FOR DEBT" AND SENT TO THE FLEET PRISON IN LONDON IN 1700, WHERE HE SPENT THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE.

From a miniature by an unknown artist, reproduced by permission of Sir William Chaytor, seventh Baronet.

Illustrations reproduced from "North Country Life in the Eighteenth Century" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Oxford University Press.

Mr. Hughes has done his work thoroughly well: it will be a repository for future writers on anything from the Coal-Trade to the '15, the '45 and the history of Education. His volume is the first to be published under the auspices of the University of Durham. The University may be congratulated as well as the author.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 102 of this issue.

* "North Country Life in the Eighteenth Century: The North-East, 1700-1750." By Edward Hughes. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press: University of Durham Publications; 30s.)

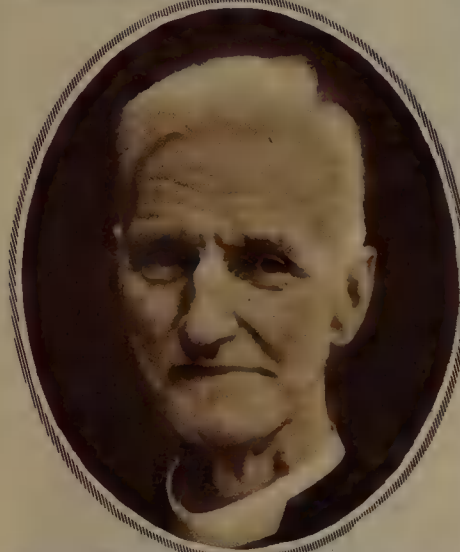
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. HILDRETH GLYN-JONES, Q.C.
Appointed ■ Judge of the High Court of Justice. Recorder of Cardiff since 1945, he qualified as ■ pharmacist in 1920, and was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1921. The maximum number of High Court Judges who may be appointed was raised by six in 1950, and Mr. Glyn-Jones is the fifth appointed since then.



ADMIRAL SIR HUGH BINNEY.
Died on January 8, aged sixty-nine. He had ■ distinguished career in the Navy, and afterwards was Governor of Tasmania from 1945 until 1951. In 1939 he became Commandant of the Imperial Defence College and, when war broke out, he was appointed Flag Officer Commanding the Orkneys and Shetlands, where he served until 1942.



DIED ON JANUARY 10, AGED SEVENTY-FIVE: THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.
The Rt. Rev. Edward Sydney Woods, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield since 1937, died on January 10. A great-grandson of Elizabeth Fry, he was a man with great powers of civic and pastoral leadership. He was ordained in 1901; in the 1914-18 war he was Chaplain of the R.M.C., Sandhurst; and in 1930 became Archdeacon and Bishop Suffragan of Croydon. Almoner to King George VI., last year he was reappointed to that office by the Queen. He was ■ excellent religious broadcaster.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SIR EDWARD APPLETON (LEFT), WITH HIS PREDECESSOR IN OFFICE, PROFESSOR A. V. HILL.
On January 3 Sir Edward Appleton, F.R.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, was installed ■ 114th President of the British Association. A feature of the ceremony ■ that, for the first time in the Association's history, one Nobel prizewinner, Professor A. V. Hill, the retiring President, handed over office to another. Sir Edward Appleton was awarded the prize for physics in 1947, and Professor Hill won the prize for Physiology and Medicine in 1922.



THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. RENÉ MAYER'S CABINET, WITH PRESIDENT AURIOL, ON JANUARY 8.
(L. to r.), front row: M. Martinaud-Deplat (Justice); M. Coste-Floret (Constitutional Reform); M. René Mayer (Prime Minister); President Auriol; M. Bonnefous (Minister of State); M. Bourges-Maunoury (Finance); M. Brune (Interior); M. Marie (Education). Second row: M. Courant (Reconstruction); M. Bacon (Labour); M. Bidault (Foreign Affairs); M. Louvel (Industry); M. Buron (Economic Affairs); M. Laurens (Agriculture); M. Gaillard (Sec. of State); M. Morice (Public Works and Tourism); M. Moreau (Budget Minister); and, behind him, M. Montel (Sec. of State for Air). Third row: M. Ribeyre (Commerce); M. Duchet (Posts and Telegraphs); M. de Chevigné (Sec. of State for the Army); M. Gavini (Sec. of State for the Navy); M. Jacquinet (Oversea France Minister); M. Bergasse (Ex-Service Men). Fourth row: M. Letourneau (Minister for the Associated States); M. Boutémy (Health); M. Hugues (Sec. of State for Information) and M. Plevin (National Defence).



POLICE OFFICERS HONoured FOR THEIR PART IN THE ROOF-TOP PURSUIT AND ARREST OF CHRISTOPHER CRAIG: (L. TO R.) DET.-SGT. F. W. FAIRFAX; P.C. J. C. McDONALD; P.C. N. HARRISON AND P.C. R. J. W. JAGGS.
Awards to a number of Metropolitan police officers for their part in the arrest of Christopher Craig and Derek W. Bentley were announced on January 6. The George Cross, highest civilian award for valour, goes to Det.-Sgt. F. W. Fairfax, who was wounded. P.C. Norman Harrison and P.C. James C. McDonald receive the George Medal, and P.C. Robert J. W. Jaggs the British Empire Medal. The posthumous award of the King's Police Medal to P.C. Sidney G. Miles, who was shot dead by Craig, was also announced.



GENERAL SIR GEOFFREY SCOONES.
To be United Kingdom High Commissioner in New Zealand, in succession to Sir Roy Price, whose term of office of four years expires this year. Sir Geoffrey Scoones, who is fifty-nine, is at present principal staff officer to the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. From 1945 to 1946, he was G.O.C.-in-C., Central Command, India.



LORD STAIR.
The Queen has approved the appointment of Captain Lord Stair ■ Captain-General of her bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers. He succeeds Captain-General Lord Elphinstone, who has resigned after being Captain-General since 1935. Lord Stair was Lord High Commissioner, Church of Scotland, 1927 and 1928.



DIED, AGED FORTY-SIX: DR. R. W. MOORE, HEADMASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.
The death of Dr. R. W. Moore, headmaster of Harrow since 1942, occurred on January 10, two days after the announcement that ill-health prevented him from continuing in his post. Dr. Moore, a brilliant classical scholar, author and broadcaster, went to Christ Church, Oxford, from Wolverhampton Grammar School. He became assistant master at Rossall School in 1928; was sixth-form master at Shrewsbury 1931-38, and headmaster of Bristol Grammar School 1938-42.



GREETED BY HIS WIFE IN PARIS: DR. ALAIN BOMBARD, WHO SURVIVED ON SEA-FOOD DURING HIS SIXTY-FIVE-DAY SOLITARY VOYAGE ON A RAFT.
Dr. Alain Bombard, who set out on August 11 on a raft, *L'Hérétique*, to cross the Atlantic in an attempt to prove that a man could live at sea on the liquid contained in fish, the flesh of fish, and plankton, and reached Barbados on December 24, arrived back in Paris on January 6. A photograph of the raft and the story of Dr. Bombard's trip appeared ■ the frontispiece of our issue of January 3. Dr. Bombard, who lost 55 lbs. during the voyage, is going to publish a scientific report.



VICTIM OF A MAU MAU OUTRAGE: THE LOYAL KIKUYU CHIEF HINGA (RIGHT), SEEN DURING HIS SERVICE AS A MEMBER OF THE KIAMBU TRIBAL POLICE.
One of the most audacious of the Mau Mau crimes was committed on January 4, when a Kikuyu walked into a ward of the Government hospital at Kiambu (see photograph on page 76) and shot dead the loyal Kikuyu chief Hinga. On December 27 Hinga was injured by Kikuyu in ■ ambush. He stopped his car, went to the police station and reported the attack, then went back with the police to aid in the investigations, and only then went to hospital.

THE loss of the French liner *Champollion* was saddening to me. Her name in the headlines brought back the memory of happy and interesting days. At the end of a tour in Palestine she carried me home from Alexandria to Marseilles. That was in 1928, upwards of twenty-five years ago. The *Champollion* was then hardly three years old and proudly described as "Queen of the Mediterranean." She was a big, comfortable and, indeed, luxurious ship, with strikingly artistic interior decoration. Well-to-do people of many nations were glad to travel in her. While other ships carrying her house-flag went through the Suez Canal and on to Saigon, she lived in the Mediterranean, passing on from Alexandria to Beirut, where she met her end. It appears that the new lighthouse built to guide aircraft was confused with the old Raz-Beirut. The intermixture of the lights are similar, which seems a strange arrangement. The colour in one case is yellow, in the other white—"mais, dans la tempête, allez donc distinguer," said a member of the crew to a correspondent of *Le Figaro*.

The chef of my voyage was a master of his art and the Burgundy was noble. Among the passengers the best company consisted of officers and their families returning from Syria on leave or on conclusion of their service. Britons who think of French women as invariably well-dressed but not fond of life in the open air would have had to revise their views on meeting these young wives of captains or still younger daughters of colonels and generals. They were bronzed and simply, sometimes carelessly, dressed; they talked of riding and hawking and climbing in the Lebanon. We put into Palermo and remained there all day. I joined forces with a Jewish-Dutch international lawyer who had been to Cairo on business. We shared a car, spent the morning doing the sights of the city, and after luncheon saw as much of Northern Sicily as was possible in the time at our disposal. At Marseilles I said a grateful farewell to the *Champollion*, personified by her captain. The next time I set foot in Sicily was after the capture of the island in the Second World War.

My trip had been made in preparation for work on the history of Allenby's campaign. All my war service had been in France and Belgium, and I had never previously visited Palestine. Although I was able to see most of the famous sights of the country, it was first and foremost a battlefield tour. Palestine was still primitive by comparison with the conditions of to-day. For example, the most important north-south road, running from Nablus to Jerusalem and on through Hebron to Beersheba, was so bad at the southern end that cars left its churned-up track wherever possible and ran along above the bank at about fifteen miles an hour. South of Beersheba was desert, though I believe that irrigation has since wrought wonders. I penetrated by car as far as Asluj, and saw the ghostly buildings of the railway station, once extremely solid but blown up by a British raiding party, on the line which the Turks had driven into Sinai to serve them in the projected invasion of Egypt. The road now shown on maps running south from Beersheba did not then exist. We crawled perilously amid rocks and boulders and over dry watercourses, shaken in every bone.

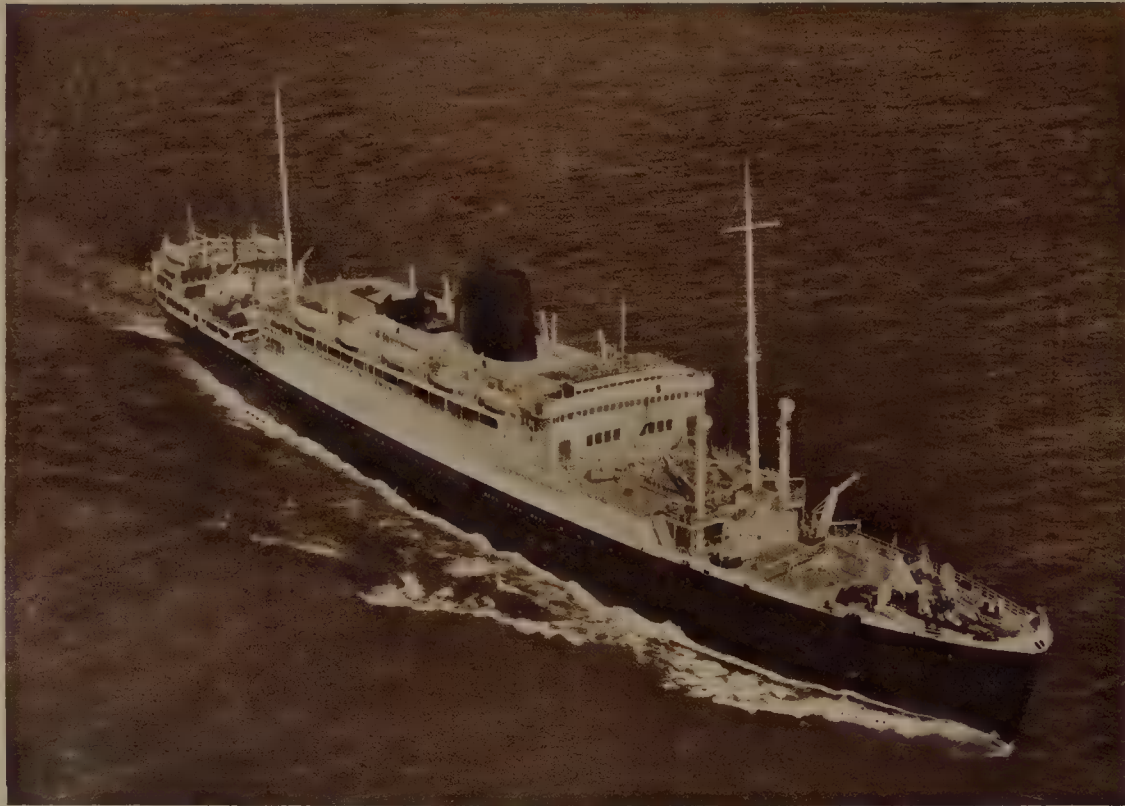
Though there had been trouble beyond the Jordan, Palestine was placid. People said that it was kept in order by the bushy eyebrows of Field Marshal Lord Plumer. Anyhow, there were no troops; the police force was small, and the British element in it minute. In the country districts the police were mounted on well-bred Arabs. I had leave to borrow these ponies whenever I needed them and to take a trooper with me as escort. I found them very useful, because so many of the places I had to visit were far from the roads. In such a small country as Palestine riding is a pleasant mode of locomotion if combined with a car. The Arab is not at its best at the trot, but delightfully smooth walking and cantering. I would canter a mile and then walk two, and at these paces a good Arab will carry a lightweight like myself well over thirty miles without being distressed. In fact, when I rode from Tul Karm to El Affule, through the so-called Musmus Pass, on the track of Allenby's cavalry in its last great drive, and was met by a car there, I found that my escort proposed to start home soon as he had fed and watered the horses, riding them alternately.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SALUTE TO THE CHAMPOLLION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I had already devoted a good deal of study to the campaign, so that I was able to trace on the ground the sites of all the small actions which took place as the Desert Mounted Corps rode north and then swept down the Plain of Esdraelon and Valley of Jezreel to the Jordan. The interest of that campaign was heightened by rather less precise knowledge of many others in that region: those of Thotmes, Saul, Kutuz and Napoleon among them. Most fascinating of all was it to stand where my view was almost that of the watchman of Jezreel, who reported that the driving of the approaching charioteer was like that of Jehu the son of Nimshi. No scene is easier to reconstruct. The inevitable route from the Jordan passes by the foot of Mount Gilboa, near which Naboth's Vineyard is reputed to have lain. The watchman stood in a little tower, whereas I stood



"I SALUTE HER MEMORY": THE FRENCH LINER *Champollion*, "QUEEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," WHICH BROKE IN TWO AFTER GROUNDING ON A SANDBANK OFF THE LEBANESE COAST ON DECEMBER 22.

This week Captain Falls entitles his article "Salute to the *Champollion*" and says: "Her name in the headlines brought back the memory of happy and interesting days. At the end of a tour in Palestine she carried me home from Alexandria to Marseilles. That was in 1928... the *Champollion* was then hardly three years old." Captain Falls' voyage in the "Queen of the Mediterranean," she was proudly described, still remains vividly in his memory, for it was not associated with any "humdrum business" but with a trip which he made to Palestine in preparation for his work on the history of Allenby's campaign.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF DISASTER AT SEA: THE HOLLAND-AFRIKA LINER *Klipfontein*, WHICH SANK OFF THE PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICAN COAST AFTER HITTING AN UNKNOWN OBSTACLE. THE PASSENGERS AND CREW WERE RESCUED. The Holland-Afrika liner *Klipfontein* sank on January 11 off the Portuguese East African coast, about 100 miles north of Lourenco Marques, after hitting an unknown obstacle. The 114 passengers, and crew of 117, were taken off by the British ship *Bloemfontein Castle*, of the Union Castle line.

on the ground, but I could see clearly a long way down the Valley of Jezreel. I had another long ride from Beersheba, following the operations which led to its capture in Allenby's offensive of 1917 and the stiff fighting about Tell el Khuweilfe to the north. The other incidents of the Third Battle of Gaza, as well as those of the First and Second Battles, the account of which was then already in print, could be followed in a car from Gaza itself.

One of the results of my trip was that I made the history longer than some of my critics approved of, but I think it was more readable than if I had kept to a bare record of operations. At all events, it seemed to be appreciated, and not least by those whose opinion I valued most, including Field Marshal Lord Wavell and General Sir William Bartholomew. Lord Allenby himself was not displeased, but I recall that his few comments on reading the work in draft were mostly concerned with style. The historians of the later war have announced that they do not intend to describe the operations in as much detail as was done

in the record of the first, but the account of the first campaign, that in Norway, is, in fact, written on at least as large a scale as was that on Palestine. The latter did not need a short official history, because Lord Wavell had already published one that was both readable and accurate. I believe that the military historian, in addition to deliberately photographing in his mind as well as with his camera impressions of the country, acquires something of its military atmosphere in a tour of this sort.

Among the great changes which have taken place since I sailed from Alexandria are the departure of the French from Syria and the Lebanon and of the British from Palestine. The two former are now independent Arab republics; the last-named is an independent Jewish republic. The Arabs I used to see in my wanderings have virtually disappeared from the plain, though the Arab kingdom of Jordan retains a footing in the hills. Yet after the war the *Champollion* resumed her Beirut run, though there were now no officers' families to carry to and fro. I believe she was not the first of her name, and, unless it is considered unlucky, it would be fitting to revive this, in memory of the greatest of French Egyptologists, when next France builds a liner for the

Mediterranean. A successor would be more modern, but I doubt whether she would be as beautiful a ship. It also seems to me, perhaps because I am growing older, that ships, certainly European ships, do not collect such carefree companies of passengers as was the case a quarter-of-a-century ago.

I may be mistaken in speaking of the possibility of a new *Champollion* in the Mediterranean. Though passenger liners will doubtless continue to sail to India and Australia for a long time to come, there may soon be not enough demand to justify running a first-class packet between Marseilles and Beirut. The air takes you much quicker, the *Comet* in fewer hours than the liner days. Already 50 per cent. of the first-class passengers crossing the Atlantic are doing so by air, and the proportion is continuing to grow. The Mediterranean is not only smaller but also safer, because it is ringed by good airfields. So the *Champollion* may be the last of her kind. She was also the first; for I do not think that any ship of comparable quality had ever been built for the Mediterranean alone. The "Queen of the Mediterranean" had no ancestors and will perhaps have no descendants. It is tragic that she should have had so miserable an end. The breaker's dock seems a sad place, but that is where a ship should finish her days.

As we look back, certain things or scenes, or it may even be certain words strung together, are associated with periods when we were more alive than usual, more interested in what was going on about us, and so in the best sense happier. Had my voyage in the *Champollion* been associated with some humdrum business, I doubt whether she would have made so enduring or so favourable an impression upon me. She fitted my mood and the excitement which Palestine, Cairo and the Nile had aroused in my mind. Yet her beauty and comfort must have played their part in this association, because I cannot even remember the name of the boat in which I sailed to Egypt, though I know I found nothing against her. Everything contributed to make the *Champollion* memorable. There was even the fact that she reached Marseilles on the same day as four other liners, so that I could not get a seat in a Paris train until the Blue Train arrived from the Riviera about 9 p.m. The

Blue Train of those days was in itself an experience in comfortable travel. Then Paris in the spring sun and visits to French friends whom I had not seen for several years. Everything contributed to make this a memorable trip. The *Champollion* stands as its symbol.

In those days French colonial methods seemed to be ahead of ours in many respects, above all because they did not strive to Europeanise countries unsuited to the process and because French soldiers and administrators lived closer to the native peoples. To-day the French are involved in difficulties greater than our own. I shall not attempt to make prophecies about the future, but it is generally admitted that France, after very brief rule, has left some honourable traces in the Middle East. Here, too, the *Champollion* stands as a symbol. She was owned by the French Government though run by the Messageries Maritimes; in every voyage she had functionaries and troops aboard. She was linked with French prestige in the Middle East, so perhaps her time was past. I salute her memory.



PLAYING WITH MODELS OF SAILING-BOATS: CHILDREN IN THE MALDIVE ISLANDS, WHERE FISHING IS ONE OF THE PRIMARY INDUSTRIES.



MAKING FINELY-WOVEN MATS, WITH WELL-BLENDED COLOURS—ONE OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE ISLANDS: GIRLS OF THE MALDIVIAN REPUBLIC.



MANIPULATING HER BOBBINS WITH SKILL: A MALDIVIAN GIRL MAKING A FORM OF INTRICATE PILLOW LACE.



WITH A MODERN STEAMSHIP VISIBLE ON THE LEFT: A BAGGALA, AS THE SAILING-VESSELS PECULIAR TO THE MALDIVE ISLANDS ARE CALLED, LYING AT ANCHOR IN COLOMBO HARBOUR, CEYLON. TWO STEAMERS SUPPLEMENT THE SAILING-CRAFT SERVICE BETWEEN MALÉ AND COLOMBO.



USING A SEXTANT: A SKILLED NAVIGATOR OF THE MALDIVE ISLANDS, WHO UNDERSTANDS UP-TO-DATE METHODS.



INCLUDING MALDIVIAN WOMEN: A PROCESSION OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE REPUBLIC OF MALDIVIA. (RIGHT.) A MAP OF THE MALDIVES. (By courtesy of "The Times.")



AFTER SIGNING THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN MALDIVIA AND THE U.K.: SIR CECIL SYERS, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CEYLON, CONGRATULATING MR. AMIN DIDI (RIGHT), FIRST PRESIDENT OF MALDIVIA.

ON the first day of 1953 the Maldiv Islands, a group of coral atolls some 400 miles west of Ceylon, became a republic after 836 years of sultanate rule. The change of status was marked by dignified yet simple ceremonial. The new constitution, which had been approved by plebiscite, was proclaimed; the first President, Mr. Amin Didi, was invested with the Sword of State; and a new agreement was signed on behalf of the Republic of the Maldives and the Government of the United Kingdom. Sir Cecil Syers, British High Commissioner in Ceylon, signed the new treaty on behalf of the United Kingdom; and the happy relationship between the Crown and the Maldives was emphasized by the presence of representatives of the Royal Navy, the R.A.F. and the Royal Ceylon Navy; while her Majesty the Queen sent a goodwill

(Continued opposite.)



message to the young Republic, which will continue to enjoy the protection of her Government. The first President, Mr. Amin Didi, is a remarkable man. He could have succeeded to the Sultanate had he so desired, but he preferred to become President of a Republic. He is also Chief Minister, Minister for Home and External Affairs, Finance, Education, Commerce and Public Safety, and Leader of the House. The late Abdul Majid Didi, the Sultan-designate, elected in 1945, did not assume office owing to ill-health, and Mr. Amin Didi became President of the Council of Regency. The Sultan-designate died in February, 1952; and the change of status followed. Mr. Amin Didi is a progressive man, and developments in the Maldives have been rapid. Purdah for woman was recently abolished, and many participated in the inauguration festivities.

ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN: THE DALKEITH-MCNEILL WEDDING.



THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM AND A BRIDESMAID: THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER, LADY CAROLINE PERCY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE ATTENDANTS: THE LADIES CAROLINE AND VICTORIA PERCY, JEAN SCOTT AND CHERRY CAIRNS, PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, THE HON. DAVID WARD, WILLIAM LEGGE, DAVID SCOTT, ALASTAIR BRUCE AND MICHAEL FARQUHAR.



ARRIVING FOR THE REHEARSAL OF THE CEREMONY ON JANUARY 9: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, SISTER OF LORD DALKEITH, AND HER BRIDESMAID DAUGHTERS, THE LADIES CAROLINE (LEFT) AND VICTORIA PERCY.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ABOUT TO ENTER ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, WHERE THE MARRIAGE WAS SOLEMNISED.



ROYAL GUESTS' AT THE WEDDING: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THEIR ELDER SON, PRINCE WILLIAM, ARRIVING AT ST. GILES'S. THEIR YOUNGER SON, PRINCE RICHARD, WAS A PAGE.



GREETING THE VERY REV. CHARLES L. WARR, D.D., DEAN OF THE THISTLE, WHO RECEIVED HER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WITH (BACK TO CAMERA) PRINCESS MARGARET.



REPLYING TO A TOAST AT THE RECEPTION: THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND HIS LOVELY BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS JANE MCNEILL, WITH A GROUP OF THE CHILD ATTENDANTS.

THE marriage of the Earl of Dalkeith, only son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, to Miss Jane McNeill, only daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., took place on January 10 at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. It was believed to be the first occasion since the Union of the two Crowns on which a Sovereign has attended a wedding in Scotland. The child attendants included the bridegroom's nieces, Lady Caroline and Lady Victoria Percy, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland; and his cousin Jean Scott, daughter of Lord and Lady William Scott. Three of the pages wore kilts of the Stuart tartan, and three the McNeill tartan, and the little girls were in white organza dresses, with deep coral velvet tippets and sashes.



WEARING A COAT OF ROYAL PURPLE, TRIMMED WITH VELVET IN A DEEPER SHADE, THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND DR. WARR.

LORD DALKEITH AND HIS BRIDE: THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S SON MARRIED.



AFTER THE CEREMONY IN ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH: THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND HIS COUNTESS, FORMERLY MISS JANE MCNEILL.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH LEAVING ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL ON JANUARY 10: THE BRIDE WORE A WHITE LACE DRESS EMBROIDERED IN SILVER, AND CARRIED A BOUQUET.

The marriage of the Earl of Dalkeith to Miss Jane McNeill was the first great social occasion of Coronation year. The ceremony and the reception were attended by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Her Majesty, the Duke and Princess Margaret travelled from Sandringham in the Royal train, and returned after the wedding. The bride wore a full-skirted white lace dress embroidered in silver thread, with long sleeves and a square *décolletage*. Her tulle veil was held by a diamond tiara, and round her neck was a diamond necklace. The service was conducted in the Episcopalian form by the Bishop of Edinburgh, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. C. L. Warr, D.D.,



ABOUT TO LEAVE NORTHOLT BY AIR ON JANUARY 11 FOR THEIR HONEYMOON ON THE CONTINENT: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH.

Dean of the Thistle, and the Rev. C. R. Norcock. Music was composed for the occasion by Dr. Herbert Howells and Mr. Herrick Bunney, organist and choir-master of St. Giles's, and the anthem, Mozart's *Laudate Dominum*, was sung by Miss Isobel Baillie with the Cathedral choir. Bride and bridegroom were played off by pipers of Edinburgh City Police pipe band to a reception in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, where, in addition to the Royal guests, some 1600 people were entertained. The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith were obliged, owing to the fog, to travel to London by train instead of by air as planned, but on January 11 they flew to the Continent, where the honeymoon is being spent.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FIGS! Not the dried or "pulled" variety, nor yet the famous "syrup of" vintage. No, no. I refer to ripe "green" figs, fresh from the tree,

FIGS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the roots going so deep as to induce rank, sappy growth, at the expense of fruit. In place of a flag-stone, a floor of brick-and-mortar rubble, about a foot thick, and rammed hard, at a convenient depth below the surface

is said to be equally good. Certainly the fig will relish the mortar rubble, and lime in some form should be added to the soil at planting-time.

During the growing season, and especially whilst the fruit is swelling, a fig-tree needs plenty of water. Twice I have had experience which taught me this. When I was a boy we had a huge fig-tree growing up the wall of the stables. It was a lusty great specimen, reaching a height of 20 ft. or so. For years it produced immense crops of figs which never ripened. They reached about half-size, and remained at that until they fell off, hard and juiceless, in autumn. At last someone suggested water—copious water. I took on the job, made a wide, shallow basin in the soil around the trunk of the tree, put in a barrow-load of good, ripe stable manure, and then flooded all with a dozen large cans of water. The watering was kept up for the rest of the summer, and the figs ripened by the hundred. The variety was the popular Brown Turkey. In later years I possessed for some time a big, old wall-trained fig-tree, variety White Ischia—which, I was told, never fruited. I applied the same method of copious watering, and secured abundant crops each year.

A very satisfactory way of cultivating figs, in gardens which have no available wall-space, is to

grow them in pots, which may be stood in some sheltered, sunny spot all the summer. During the winter they may be stored in a shed, an attic or a cellar, or sheltered in the open, with straw or bracken, and perhaps sacking or hessian packed loosely around them. It is surprising what satisfactory crops may be had from pot-grown fig-trees, and how well they will flourish in relatively small pots of, say, 12 or 15 ins. diameter. The important thing is to water them abundantly during the summer, and to nourish them with a mulch of good, rich, mellow manure or compost.

The pruning of fig-trees is important, especially those trained to a wall in the open, or under glass, and specimens grown in pots. But I will not attempt

to go into details here. The best methods are given fully in almost any good book on fruit-growing. You will find it all in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," or in a book of recent publication, "Pruning," by Arthur Osborn and N. B. Bagenal (*Ward, Lock; illustrations and diagrams; 12s. 6d.*)—a book, by the by, which I strongly recommend.

In a neighbour's garden, here in the Cotswolds, at an altitude of 500 ft., there is an aged fig-tree growing at the foot of a south wall. Originally it was probably carefully pruned, and trained in to the wall. But for years now it has been allowed to develop freely in its own wild way, and has branches growing out several feet from the wall. Yet it ripens fine crops of fruit each year, most of which are enjoyed by the birds. Netting it in would be too great an undertaking.

The flower structure of a wild fig is curious, and the fertilisation extremely interesting. The structure may be likened to the large, flat, black, central disc of a sunflower head, which consists of great numbers of small, individual flowers crowded closely together. In a fig the very numerous flowers are crowded together in much the same way, but the surface upon which they grow is the *inside* of the fig. It is as though the flat, circular disc of the sunflower had been folded in and drawn together until its edges met to form a pear-shaped fruit, with all the tops of the flowers, with their pollen and their stigmas, crowding round a tunnel down the centre of the fruit. A small species of wasp, *Blastophaga*, enters at the top of the fig, and crawls down the tunnel to lay her eggs at the base. Both she—and later her young—in crawling out, carry pollen from flower to flower. That, roughly, and without full details, is what happens.

In this country there are no *Blastophagæ* to carry out this work, which is a merciful thing. Our fig-trees produce ripe and luscious figs without fertilisation, and so without developing seeds. In the countries from which our dried figs come the growers practise what is known as caprification. They take branches of the wild fig and hang them among their cultivated fig-trees so that the wasp *Blastophaga* may carry pollen from the wild to the cultivated figs and fertilise them. It is for this reason that our dried figs are composed chiefly of hundreds of minute instruments of exquisite torture—for those, at any rate, who have embraced dental rearmament.

There is one thing about the fig—or its leaves—which puzzled me as a child, and which still puzzles me. We read that Adam and Eve "sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons" to cover their nakedness. Sewing fig-leaves together has always seemed to me to be about as difficult and thankless a task as sewing thin slices of bread and butter, and

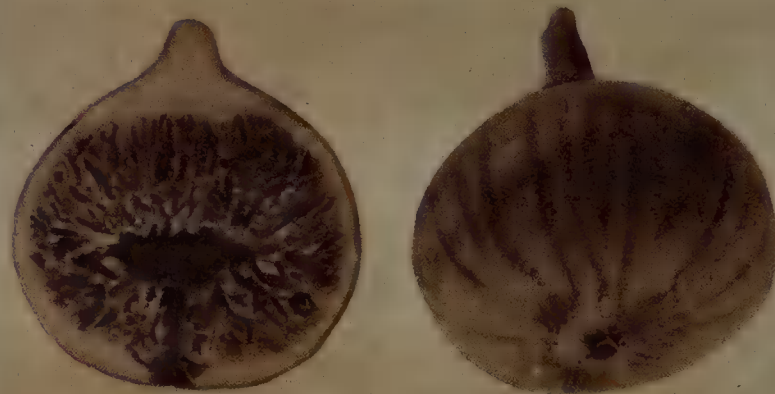
which are surely one of the most luscious of all fruits. There are folk who dislike green figs intensely, which is good fortune for those who like them, for in this country they are a relatively rare delicacy. One of the reasons for this scarcity is that the soft, delicate skin of a ripe fig makes it difficult to pack and transport successfully any great distance to market. I should say that the majority of the really good green figs that one sees in fruit shops have been grown locally in private gardens and, by arrangement, taken direct to the retailers. I have seen imported figs in the shops—small, roundish, dark-coloured and neatly packed in shallow boxes. I bought some once—but only once. They were hard, uninteresting, unjuicy, unpalatable. They had, I imagine, been gathered unripe enough to stand up to the gauntlet of market transport.

There is no real reason why this delicious—and reputedly health-giving—fruit should be so scarce in this country, for there can be few, if any, districts in which, by one method or another, ripe figs could not be harvested. In the warmer south they may be grown as bushes or standards without the benefit of a wall, and I have read of, but never seen, figs trained as espaliers. In the cooler Midlands and the North a wall becomes more necessary, and as a last resort, in really cold districts, cultivation under glass may become necessary. I seem to remember reading somewhere in the Scriptures: "A man shall sit under his own fig-tree." If that is a command, let us all hasten to plant a fig-tree. If our local climates impose methods of training our trees which preclude our sitting under them—I planted mine last year, against a wall—at least every man can eat his own figs.

The traditional way of planting a fig is to bury a large flag-stone under it to prevent

"GREEN FIGS . . . ARE SURELY ONE OF THE MOST LUSCIOUS OF ALL FRUITS . . . [AND] THERE CAN BE FEW, IF ANY, DISTRICTS ■ WHICH, BY ONE METHOD OR ANOTHER, RIPE FIGS COULD NOT BE HARVESTED": A YOUNG FAN-TRAINED FIG, HUNG WITH FRUITS, IN A LEAN-TO GREENHOUSE.

Photograph by R. A. Maiby and Co.



"IT IS AS THOUGH THE FLAT, CIRCULAR DISC OF THE SUNFLOWER HAD BEEN FOLDED IN AND DRAWN TOGETHER UNTIL ITS EDGES MET TO FORM A PEAR-SHAPED FRUIT": THE FIG "GRIZZLY BOURJASOTTE," SHOWN ENTIRE (RIGHT) AND IN SECTION.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

for fair wear and tear about as serviceable. Can it be a case of mistranslation? I dare not suggest that it is a figment of the imagination. Personally, if for any reason I had to utilise fig-leaves for sartorial purposes, I would gather them into bunches, tie them by their stems, and wear them in the hula-hula manner.

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.



VESTED IN THE JAPANESE COPE, WITH THE PRIMATIAL CROSS HELD BESIDE HIM:
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WHO WILL CROWN THE QUEEN ON JUNE 2,

The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Dr. G. F. F. Fisher, Primate of All England, is shown wearing the Japanese cope, made of Japanese silks by craftsmen of the brotherhood of St. Andrew in Japan, and presented by the Presiding Bishop of the Japanese Province of the Anglican Communion to the Archbishop, in appreciation of the opportunity accorded to the three Japanese bishops to participate in the Lambeth Conference of 1948. The Primatial Cross was presented to Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1883-1896, upon his translation from the see of Truro to Canterbury. It bears two tiers of

statuettes, the lower representing SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter and Paul, and the upper SS. Augustine, Virgilius of Arles, Theodore, Hugh, Piran and Petroch, who are saints connected with the Sees of Canterbury, Lincoln and Truro. In the original cross (designed by Bodley and Garner, of Gray's Inn Square and made by Hardman, of Birmingham) have been set the three opals presented to Dr. Fisher by the Diocese of Sydney, and the three sapphires from the State Collection of Brisbane presented to him by the Premier of Queensland on behalf of his Government to commemorate the Archbishop's Australian tour of 1950.

"KING GEORGE VI.
DINES IN THE ROYAL
ARTILLERY MESS,
DECEMBER 7, 1950":

THE RECORD OF
A HISTORIC OCCASION—
THE FIRST TIME THAT
A REIGNING MONARCH
HAS DINED IN THE
MESS AT WOOLWICH.

THE evening of December 7, 1950 (in the words of the Master Gunner, Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke), added a memorable page to the history of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, since it was the first occasion when a King and Colonel-in-Chief dined with the Regiment after coming to the Throne. The first Artillery Mess was established towards the end of the eighteenth century, but the actual room of the Mess which appears in this picture dates from 1803. It could seat only 134, and when it was learned that King George VI. had accepted the Master Gunner's invitation it was decided that the outside guests should be limited to three (excluding the King's Equerry)—the C.I.G.S. (then Sir William Slim, who was, however, abroad at the time), the G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command (then General Sir Gerald Templer) and the G.O.C., London District (Major-General J. A. Gascoigne); that it was impossible to include any Territorial Army Officers or Artillery Officers of the Dominions or Colonies; and that 80 per cent. of the vacancies should go to regular serving officers of all ranks and 20 per cent. to regular retired officers; and that the majority of the seats should be allotted by ballot and selection. All branches of the Regiment were represented, and also all commissioned ranks. At the top of the ladder there were two Field Marshals, and at the bottom three Second-Lieutenants. The intervening ranks were represented by 4 Generals, 7 Lieutenant-Generals, 19 Major-Generals, 27 Brigadiers, 6 Colonels, 14 Lieutenant-Colonels, 25 Majors, 15 Captains and 7 Lieutenants. On the arrival of the Royal car by way of Artillery Place, the Royal Standard was broken on the flagstaff, where it was illuminated by searchlights and remained flying throughout the evening. Trumpeters in the full dress of the Royal Horse Artillery sounded the Mess Call; and the dinner was served at three tables at right angles to the top table, as shown in the picture, by the "White" waiters in the traditional livery of the Mess and W.R.A.C. assistants in blue and red livery. The band played music throughout the meal. After dinner the tablecloths were whisked faultlessly from the tables in the traditional style, the port was circulated and, in accordance with tradition, the chandeliers were switched on for the Royal Toast. They were switched on again at the King's request for his Majesty's Address, at the end of which he proposed the health of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, which was drunk with great cheering. After this came the Master Gunner's Speech, in which Lord Alanbrooke (in his own words) acted as mouthpiece of the Royal Regiment and voiced its sentiments, reactions and opinions. Following dinner the late King spent some time in the Ante-Room, chatting with officers as they were presented to him. It was later learned that the King during the evening expressed the wish that his title should be changed from "Colonel-in-Chief" to "Captain-General" of the Regiment, and this new title was duly promulgated on January 26, 1951.

Reproduced from the painting by Terence Cuneo, which now hangs in the Front Hall of the Royal Artillery Mess at Woolwich; by courtesy of the Officers, Royal Artillery.







WEARING THE COPE MADE FOR THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II., IN WHICH HE WILL BE VESTED ON JUNE 2 AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have succeeded to the ancient rights and privileges of the Abbot and Brethren of the pre-Reformation Convent; and to the Dean of Westminster, in particular, falls the responsibility of assisting the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Coronation of British Sovereigns, more especially at the Uncion, the Investiture, the Crowning, and the Administration of the Holy Communion. Our fine portrait of the Very Rev. Dr. Alan Campbell Don, the Dean of Westminster, shows him wearing the historic cope which was made for the Coronation of Charles II. on

April 23, 1661; and it is understood that on June 2, 1953, when he officiates at the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., at Westminster, he will be vested in it. Dr. A. C. Don, Dean of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, has been Dean of Westminster since 1946. He was born in 1885, and educated at Rugby and Magdalen College, Oxford. He was at Cuddesdon College 1911-12 and was ordained to the priesthood in 1913. He was Chaplain and Secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1931-41, Chaplain to the King, 1934-46, and Chaplain to the Speaker, House of Commons, 1936-46.

MEETINGS OF OLD AND TRIED FRIENDS: MR. CHURCHILL WITH AMERICAN LEADERS.



DURING THEIR MEETING AT WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT TRUMAN, IN HIS LAST DAYS OF OFFICE, LEADING MR. CHURCHILL BY THE ARM OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO POSE FOR THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS, ON JANUARY 9.



MR. CHURCHILL CHATTING WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN, DURING THE LATTER'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON, TO WHICH HE WAS INVITED FOR DINNER ON JANUARY 9.



THE JAMAICA HOUSE TO WHICH MR. CHURCHILL WENT FOR HIS HOLIDAY. IT BELONGS TO SIR HAROLD MITCHELL, BART., WHOSE ARMS CAN BE SEEN ON THE CREEPER-COVERED PILLAR (RIGHT-CENTRE).



MR. CHURCHILL TALKING WITH GOVERNOR DEWEY (RIGHT), ONE OF THE PROMINENT REPUBLICANS HE MET IN THE NEW YORK HOUSE OF HIS HOST, MR. BERNARD BARUCH, THE ELDER STATESMAN AND HIS OLD FRIEND.



A MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS: MR. CHURCHILL LISTENING TO PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER, AT THE HOME OF THE ELDER STATESMAN, MR. BERNARD BARUCH (CENTRE), MR. CHURCHILL'S HOST.

On January 5 Mr. Churchill, *en route* for a holiday in Jamaica, arrived at New York in the *Queen Mary*. He gave a Press conference on board ship—and this was virtually the sum of his public utterance in America during this trip. Among the points that he made were these: that Britain wanted trade rather than aid; that U.N. armed resistance to Communism in Korea was the greatest event of the last five years; that the prospects of world war had *receded*, which was not the same as *subsided*; and that the centre of gravity in world tension had shifted to Western Europe. During his three-day stay in New York Mr. Churchill stayed at the Manhattan house of his old friend, the American elder statesman and financier, Mr. Bernard Baruch, and there had a number of discussions with his other old friend, President-elect Eisenhower, and other Republican leaders, including

Governor Dewey and Mr. John Foster Dulles, who is to be the new Secretary of State. While in New York he also visited the old home of his mother in Brooklyn. In Washington he called to see President Truman, who also dined at the British Embassy. On January 10 Mr. Churchill flew in President Truman's aircraft the *Independence* to Montego Bay, Jamaica, where he had a great reception. He was expected to fly back to New York, before sailing thence to England on January 22.



AT THE END OF THEIR SERIES OF PRIVATE AND INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS IN NEW YORK: GENERAL EISENHOWER AND MR. CHURCHILL SHAKE HANDS BEFORE THE LATTER'S DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON.

ATLANTIC SEALS ON A WELSH SEAL COWS AND CALVES TAKEN



"EVEN WHERE THE CLIFFS RECEDE ENOUGH TO LEAVE A BEACH . . . THE DESCENT IS STEEP": A VIEW OF THE LARGEST ATLANTIC SEAL BREEDING BEACH ON THE WELSH ISLAND.



"AS ATTRACTIVE AS THE SCOTTISH ONES—NO LESS WARM AND WOOLLY AS THEY DOZED AMONG THE ROCKS": A DAY-OLD CALF ASLEEP ON THE BEACH.



"WHAT IS ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?": UNPERTURBED AND BARELY INTERESTED, A SLEEPY SEAL COW WAKES UP AFTER REPEATED SHOUTS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

OUR readers may remember a series of photographs published in our issue of June 9, 1951, showing Atlantic seals on a Scottish breeding island taken by Mr. R. L. Willan and Mr. C. A. M. Smith. Mr. Willan, accompanied this time by Mr. C. A. M. Smith and Mr. P. Smith, recently spent eight days on one of the Welsh breeding islands of the Grey or Atlantic Seal (*Halichærus grypus*), by kindness of the owner, Mrs. Lionel Whitehead, O.B.E. The photographs on these pages were taken during their visit. They write: "The island is about a mile and three-quarters long by half a mile wide, some three times as large as the Scottish island. It forms a plateau 150 ft. high, with two rocky hillocks, the higher of which rises to over 400 ft. . . . There is no extensive raised erosion platform above high tide and no

[Continued above, centre.]



REGISTERING ANNOYANCE AT BEING DISTURBED: AN ATLANTIC SEAL CALF. NOTE THE DARK PATCH AND SEVERAL SMALLER SPOTS OF OIL ON ITS COAT.



AN ATLANTIC SEAL COW SUCKLING ITS CALF AT THE WATER'S EDGE. IMMEDIATELY BEHIND ITS EYE THE SMALL BLACK EAR-HOLE CAN BE SEEN.

[Continued.]

away. But later, when the calves were older and the cows became more receptive, it was they who seemed the more active in courtship. As bull and cow held muzzle close to muzzle, most of the amatory moanings made by the cow. Then she would roll half-over, with upraised forepaw beating the air, so as to expose the paler colour of her underside; and it was the cow who finally led the way to the water. On only one occasion did we see cow and calf really playing together. The cow was stroking the calf with one forepaw, the calf jumping up at its mother's paw or muzzle, and striking now and again with its own flipper. We had seen the stroking action of the mother before, but never such response from the calf, who is usually too concerned with getting its meal to indulge in play. We had a good view of a bull seal asleep in the water twenty yards off shore. He was vertical, with

BREEDING ISLAND: STUDIES OF DURING AN EIGHT-DAY VISIT.



"EQUALLY WIDE-EYED IN SURPRISE ON FIRST WAKING": THE DAY-OLD SEAL CALF ROUSES ITSELF AND LOOKS QUITE FEARLESSLY AT THE CAMERA.

in the face of human intruders was unique in our experience, either in Scotland or in Wales, and we could only admire her and keep a respectful distance. If we did that, she would stay close to her calf with an expression of near benevolence on her face, or even suckle it in full view; but if we tried to edge a little closer for a portrait, she at once came for us. We were told of a second mother seal on another beach which had been equally aggressive, but during our stay the fierceness of her devotion must have waned, for we did not encounter it ourselves. Another female, whose calf was on the same patch of beach as the aggressive cow, and who was easily distinguished by her wall eye, was very different in temperament; she was apparently unafraid of us but, unlike the other, she made no demonstrations of attack, remaining placidly with her calf and even closing her eyes and dozing off as we watched. On one occasion the calf belonging to the aggressive cow crawled up to the foot of the cliff close to where the wall-eyed cow was lying with her calf, and was followed at once by its mother. There was the usual bickering between the two females for a few moments, but the aggressive cow soon settled down with her tail within a foot or two of the other's head, a vulnerable position which was safe only because of the even temper of the latter. One day we saw, first a bull, then a cow, lying at the edge of the surf and waiting to be rolled over and over by the waves as they reached the shore, and back again as they receded. We had seen seals being rolled over accidentally on their way ashore, but this was the first time we saw them doing it on purpose and with obvious enjoyment. If a bull tried to approach a cow with a very young calf, he was at once fiercely chased

[Continued below, left.]



SOMEWHAT HIGHER CLIFFS THAN THE SCOTTISH ONES, BUT DROPPING DIRECTLY INTO THE SEA: A VIEW OF THE WELSH BREEDING ISLAND OF THE ATLANTIC SEAL.



"WE COULD ONLY ADMIRE HER AND KEEP A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE": A COW SEAL WHICH MADE REPEATED AND DETERMINED ATTEMPTS TO ATTACK THE PHOTOGRAPHERS IF THEY VENTURED TOO NEAR HER CALF. THE MAJORITY OF THE ADULT SEALS FORSOOK THEIR YOUNG WHEN HUMAN BEINGS APPROACHED.

[Continued.]

boat carried us back to the mainland, the blustering wind and whipped crests were fitting conditions in which to end our stay on the island. There had been little to remind us of the last day of our Scottish seal trip—the calm, sunny sky, the brilliant colours and glass-clear water of the rock-pools, the feeling of warmth and peace and laziness. Here we remembered rather the grandeur and turmoil. . . . To survive and breed in such conditions says much for the fitness and resilience of our finest mammal, the Atlantic Seal."



"LOOKING REPROACHFUL WHEN IT RECOGNISED US AS INTRUDERS": A SEAL CALF. MANY OF THE CALVES HAD THEIR COATS SPOTTED WITH OIL, BUT IT CAME OFF AT THE MOULT.

muzzle pointed straight up at the sky and, until we saw the whiskers, he looked more like a small buoy or large bottle than a live animal. His muzzle rose and fell with the swell, and was periodically submerged by a larger wave than usual. He appeared to breathe out just as the water lapped over his nostrils, then hold his breath till he broke water again. This reflex action may well be governed by the nerve centres at the base of the sensitive whiskers. A slow, steady crawl over the rocks had a better chance of getting close to the resting but wakeful seals than if we walked towards them, however cautiously. By crawling we lost the human characteristic of uprightness, and the seals would often ignore us or regard us with half-hearted curiosity. Occasionally we found an adult ashore which was really fast asleep. Only then could we openly walk close up to it, and it might take several shouts to waken it and make it raise its head to investigate the disturbance. As the

[Continued above, right.]



SCRATCHING ITS MUZZLE SLEEPILY WITH ONE FLIPPER: A VERY YOUNG SEAL CALF. NOTE THE CLAWS ON THE EXPANDED FLIPPER.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A SHORT while ago, Mr. F. R. Ratcliff wrote me from the Argentine, asking if I would deal with the means by which animals distinguish between the sexes. He continued: "I have in mind parakeets and mocking-birds, in which the sexes are similar and the birds are mimics. And what about reptiles?" My immediate reaction to this request was that the answer was simple, that it was a matter of behaviour. However, the more I pondered it, the less confident I became about the simplicity. Knowing nothing at first hand about parakeets or mocking-birds, except as aviary subjects, I must fall back on my knowledge of our native species here in Britain. The principles will apply equally to tropical birds. Indeed, they are applicable to all those animals showing a marked differentiation into male and female.

It is hardly necessary to point out that in all the higher animals there are varying degrees of sexual dimorphism, as the difference in appearance between the male and the female is called. It reaches its highest expression in birds, and especially in the magnificent birds-of-paradise. The male is endowed with superbly coloured plumes, or long streamers from the head or the tail. His whole plumage is often more beautifully coloured than the finest woman's gown ever designed. And the hen is as imposing as a London sparrow. Nobody is in doubt, looking at a pair of birds-of-paradise, which is the male and which the female. Nor, we presume, are the birds themselves ever in doubt. The presence of the brilliant plumes, streamers or extravagant gorgets, and, conversely, their absence from the female, are unmistakable recognition marks indicating the sexes, as distinctive and informative as the clothes of men and women.

In most species the recognition marks are less extravagant, the male having only a slightly more striking and showy plumage. In budgerigars the difference between the sexes is marked by the colour

SIR OR MADAM?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Parker to photograph the water-birds, and his camera secured also a record of this. The pigeons were being fed by visitors to the park on the greensward bordering the lake. The London pigeons are a motley mixture of obscure ancestry. Even in the wild species from which they have descended, there is little to tell male



AUTOMATICALLY SPREADING ITS FEATHERS IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY AT THE APPROACH OF ANOTHER PIGEON, ALTHOUGH ITS ATTENTION IS CONCENTRATED ON THE BREADCRUMBS THROWN TO IT ON THE GREENSWARD: A LONDON PIGEON, ITS BEHAVIOUR PATTERN UNCHANGED BY ITS ENVIRONMENT, PHOTOGRAPHED IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

the approach of another. It is the response, equally automatic, which decides his further behaviour or, in our terms, tells him whether the newcomer is male or female.

The display of the male, expressed so markedly in the bird-of-paradise, is popularly supposed to be an effort to attract the female, to "win her favours." It may have something of this in the end, but primarily its function is to advertise ownership of a territory. In the full spate of breeding, when a male, whether mammal, bird, reptile, fish or crab, has taken over a territory, the boundaries of that territory are defended by fighting, which often goes no further than the aggressive display, and rarely results in the bloody encounters, on which popular writers are prone to put so much stress. They do occur, of course, but it is rare, even among the more belligerent and well-armed species, and usually the encounters stop with a strength-testing tussle. Man has, by artificial selection, over-emphasised the aggressive display in the fighting-cock and the fighting-fish of Siam, but in these the fights to the death are just unnatural consequences of man's intervention.

All the evidence, observed under natural conditions or derived from experimental test, goes to show that display, or fighting where it occurs, and again, whether in mammal, bird, reptile or fish, is a matter of holding territory, and has primarily nothing to do with jealousy or winning the fair lady. Another interesting result of the abundant evidence now available is that all investigators draw attention to the apparent indifference of the female to the male's displays and rampagings. It is, indeed, this indifference, this coyness, which identifies the female to the male, whatever be the other differences, or lack of them, between the sexes of a given species.

What has been said so far is, the needs of space compel, something of an over-simplification. There are many exceptions and qualifications to the story, but it would need a library of books to expound the subject adequately. Perhaps we may conclude, therefore, with a specific example. Noble, an American zoologist, investigated the part played by colour in the fence lizard. Unobtrusively coloured at other times, the males develop a blue spot on each side of the head at the onset of the breeding season. A blue stripe also runs along each side of the body. When in possession of a territory, the male compresses his body, making the blue stand out, and displays his colour at the intruder. If a male, the intruder displays his markings in turn, whereas a female, at the sight of



DISPLAYING AT THE FEMALE TO THE LEFT WITHOUT PAUSING IN ITS FEEDING: A MALE PIGEON (CENTRE) WITH A SECOND MALE, ON THE RIGHT, ADVANCING TO SHARE THE FOOD AND ALREADY AT THE BEGINNING OF A DISPLAY.

Photographs by Neave Parker

of the ceres, small patches at the base of the bill. In many other species there is no difference whatever in plumage. But whether we are dealing with birds-of-paradise, budgerigars, sparrows, or the male of any other species, there is one thing they all have in common, an inborn exhibitionism. The male bird-of-paradise will, on suitable occasion, spread his feathers in a scintillating display. He whistles, dances, bows and curtsies, and goes through a series of acrobatic displays which sometimes end in his hanging upside-down, with every feather and plume extended to its fullest extent. It is true that the experiment has never been tried, so what follows is supposition, but it is highly probable that, were such a thing practicable, a male bird-of-paradise with every one of its superb feathers plucked, without harming him physically or emotionally, would go through the same extravagant display. In other words, the outward display is no more than an expression of an inner behaviour pattern. And a male sparrow is endowed with similar impulses—not so marked, perhaps—even though it has not the same gaudy feathers with which to express them. To draw a more familiar parallel, the human male will "show off" as much when clad only in bathing trunks as he will in the most resplendent uniform.

An appropriate example was witnessed last year in St. James's Park. I had gone there with Mr. Neave

time, draw near to each other. If one was a male and the other a female, the former would display, by spreading his feathers, especially those of the neck, even without pausing from his feeding. The female response was to walk demurely away. Should two males meet, both displayed, usually one to a lesser degree than the other, and it was he who retreated or avoided the other.

This cannot always be seen in pigeons, but at that time of year the birds were on the fringes of a breeding period. The males most advanced in breeding condition displayed the most readily. Those less advanced in breeding condition displayed less readily, less emphatically, and they it would be that took steps to avoid the encounter. In a sense, a male bird does not recognise a female bird, nor *vice versa*. Under certain conditions, that is, during the breeding season, a male displays at any intruder of its own species. It is as involuntary as that of the pigeons in St. James's Park, who, while having their main attention on food, automatically displayed at

from female, except in the iridescence of the neck feathers. But whatever else has been altered in the Metropolitan pigeon, its behaviour pattern is unchanged. As the birds were walking about feeding, it inevitably happened that two would, from time to



SHOWING A MALE (ON THE RIGHT) DISPLAYING WHILE THE FEMALE (CENTRE) DEMURELY WALKS AWAY—LONDON'S PIGEONS ARE A MIXED BREED, WITH AN INFINITE VARIETY OF PLUMAGE, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF DISTINGUISHING MALE FROM FEMALE IS THEREFORE THE MORE REMOTE, EXCEPT BY OBSERVING THE BIRDS' REACTIONS TO EACH OTHER'S PRESENCE.

them, runs away. When a male lizard has his legs tied, so that he cannot show the blue, he will be courted as if he were a female. So will an anaesthetised male. In other words, although even in this instance where the blue is a recognition mark, it is dependent upon a behaviour pattern for its display.

The position may be summarised in this way. Outside the breeding season, most animals—the exceptions being probably those that mate for life—have no need to differentiate between the sexes. During the breeding season, it is the behaviour of an individual which betrays its sex, although this behaviour may be supplemented by or expressed in its physical characters.

ON LAND AND SEA: A SURVEY OF UNUSUAL ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



THE LARGEST BARBEL EVER BROUGHT OUT OF A RIVER IN BRITAIN: THIS FISH, FOUND ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON AT CHRISTCHURCH, WEIGHED OVER 15 LB. IT HAD BEEN KILLED BY AN OTTER.



A DIPLOMATIC CAPER: MAJOR SALEM, GENERAL NEGUIB'S PERSONAL OBSERVER, TAKING PART IN A WAR DANCE WITH DINKA TRIBESMEN. Major Saleh Salem, General Neguib's principal collaborator in the Sudan negotiations, returned to Cairo on January 11 from the Sudan, having, according to reports, reached agreement on outstanding issues between the two countries. Our photograph shows Major Salem taking part in a war-dance with Dinka tribesmen in Southern Sudan.



ACTION STATIONS: A 6-FT.-LONG INDIAN COBRA AND A MONGOOSE SIZING EACH OTHER UP BEFORE A BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN THE SHIMSHAPURA AREA OF MYSORE STATE, INDIA. THE MONGOOSE WAS VICTORIOUS.



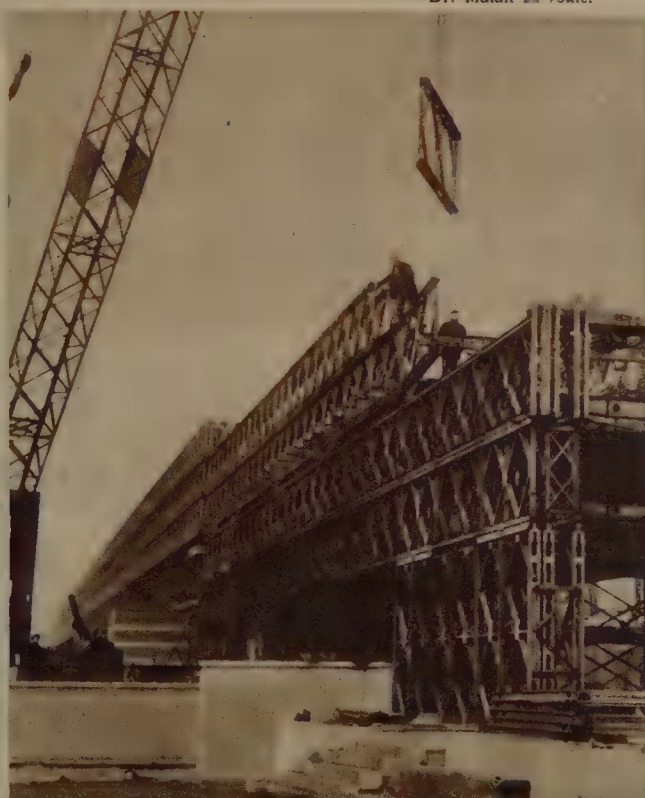
WITH THE COELACANTH FISH (IN BOX): PROFESSOR J. B. L. SMITH, HIS WIFE AND SON, AND (CENTRE) CAPTAIN J. BLAAUW, THE PILOT, WITH THE CREW OF THE DAKOTA AT GRAHAMSTOWN.



BOXED FOR ITS AIR JOURNEY: THE COELACANTH FISH, WHICH TRAVELLED BY A S.A.A.F. DAKOTA TO DR. MALAN'S HOLIDAY HOME AND ON TO GRAHAMSTOWN. As recorded in our last issue, Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa, provided Professor J. B. L. Smith, of Rhodes University College, with a Dakota of the South African Air Force to collect the fish of the coelacanth group (until 1938 believed to have been extinct for 50,000,000 years), to fly it from Anjouan Island, where it was caught, to Grahamstown for study. It was displayed to Dr. Malan en route.



IN NEW YORK HARBOUR AFTER A LEISURELY TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE: MR. P. ELLAM (LEFT) IN SOPRANINO. On January 7, an English yachtsman, Mr. Patrick Ellam, reached New York in the 19-ft. sailing-boat *Sopranino*. He sailed with a friend from London via Casablanca and the Canaries to Cuba, where the friend left the boat. Thence he sailed alone to Florida and an American friend joined him for the last lap to New York.



DEMOLISHING THE BAILEY BRIDGE WHICH CARRIED SO MANY FESTIVAL VISITORS ACROSS THE RIVER.

We show a stage in the demolition of the Bailey Bridge, which was erected by Army engineers in 1951 to carry the crowds of visitors from the Embankment near Charing Cross over the river into the Festival Exhibition site, alongside the Charing Cross railway bridge. Bailey bridges were much used by the armies in the 1944-45 campaigns in Northern Europe.



FITTED WITH HER NEW "ANGLED" OR "CANTED" FLIGHT-DECK: THE U.S. NAVY'S CARRIER ANTIETAM. In our issue of November 22 we referred to a new principle which both the Royal and U.S. Navies were adopting to increase the effective area of their carriers' flight-decks. This we illustrated with a model. The U.S. carrier *Antietam* has now been refitted in this way and is shown leaving New York Harbour.

CLOTHING FOR WEAR IN FIRE OR SNOW, AND OTHER ITEMS OF TOPICAL NEWS.



DESIGNED FOR WEAR IN WINTER IN THE FRONT LINE:

A NEW TYPE OF "PARKA" OF SATEEN. The War Office recently demonstrated a "parka" designed for wear over the combat smock in winter conditions. It is made of sateen which is said to afford better wear and greater protection against the cold than gaberdine. The garment is lined with wool pile and has a detachable hood and front cowl.



LOOKING LIKE MEN FROM MARS: GERMAN FIREMEN DRESSED IN EXPERIMENTAL SUITS OF AN ALUMINIUM FOIL.

These firemen in Munich, Germany, have been testing suits made of an aluminium foil which gives complete protection in fires of a great heat. The material from which the suits are made is as thin as a cigarette paper. If successful the suits are to be issued for general use.



A DEVICE WHICH HAS REDUCED CASUALTIES AND MINIMISED WOUNDS IN THE COMMONWEALTH DIVISION IN KOREA: AN ARMoured JACKET OF THE TYPE NOW BEING TESTED DURING OPERATIONS DEMONSTRATED AT THE WAR OFFICE.



DISCOVERED RECENTLY AT CURIUM, CYPRUS: A MOSAIC FLOOR OF 200 A.D. DEPICTING A SCENE FROM HOMER'S "ILIAD."

During excavations by the Pennsylvania University Expedition at Curium, in Cyprus, some of whose discoveries were illustrated in our issue of April 5 last year, this mosaic floor was found at some distance from the main areas of digging. It is said to depict Odysseus (on right) and Achilles with his shield on the left.



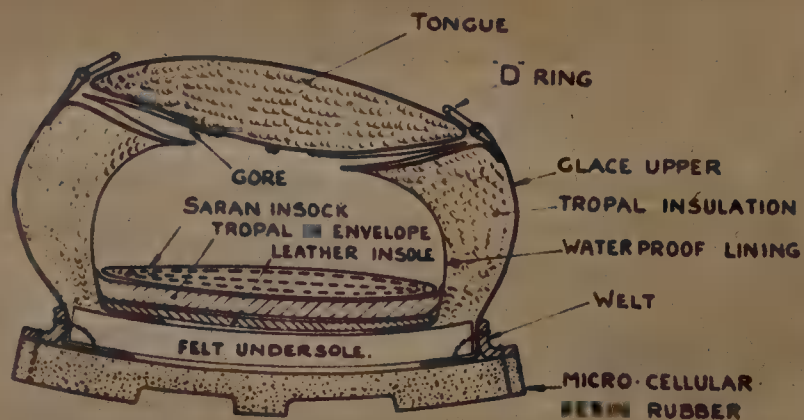
WINNER OF THE LADY NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT TROPHY FOR 1952: MISS ENID HARDING.

Miss Enid Harding, of the London Olympiades Athletic Club, was awarded on January 10 the Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett trophy for being the best woman county athletic champion of the past year. Miss Harding won the county 880 yards, one mile and cross-country titles, and set up a new British women's half-mile record.



A NEW ACQUISITION AT THE V. AND A. MUSEUM: THE LATE 16TH-CENTURY HOLLTHALER SHRINE.

Among recent gifts to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Dr. W. L. Hildburgh is this small late sixteenth-century ebony and silver parcel-gilt shrine made by Georg Hollthaler (d. 1593), bearing the Augsburg mark. Very few examples of the work of this artist are known, but he was clearly a first-class sculptor, as is shown by the little group.



EVEREST BOOT SECTION THROUGH VAMP

MADE OF GLACE KID AND INSULATED WITH KAPOK: A DIAGRAM OF THE NEW BOOT DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION—SECTION THROUGH VAMP.

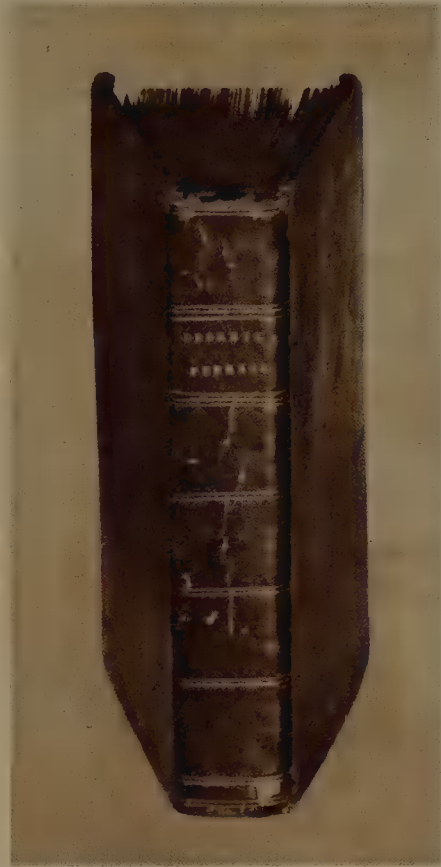
Boots of entirely novel design will be worn by the British climbers in the forthcoming Everest expedition. They have been specially designed by the British Boot, Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association at Kettering and will be used for the assault on the final 6000 ft. There are no nails at all in these boots



SHOWING THE SIMPLE METHOD OF LACING AND THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE UPPERS: THE NEW BOOTS DESIGNED FOR THE EVEREST EXPEDITION.

and the soles are made of lightweight artificial rubber. The uppers are of glacé kid insulated with nearly 1/2 inch of tropal (kapok). The new boots are 2 lb. 4 oz. lighter than the reindeer-skin boots worn by the last expeditions and can be put on or taken off with

PROPOSED DECORATIONS, DEBRETT'S BI-CENTENARY AND AN ART SHOW.



WITH A FRONTISPIECE OF GEORGE III. IN CORONATION ROBES: THE TITLE-PAGE OF DEBRETT, AS EDITED BY JOHN DEBRETT, BORN ON JANUARY 8, 1753. The bi-centenary of John Debrett's birth was marked by a luncheon at the House of Lords attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl Marshal, who spoke, and other Members of the House of Lords. Debrett brought out the first edition of his famous book of reference bearing his name in 1802, in two volumes, as "Debrett's Correct Peerage" (a name it has lived up to throughout many editions). It was the first comprehensive work to embrace not only the peerage of England, but those of Scotland and Ireland. The present editor is Mr. Cyril Hankinson.

FROM "DEBRETT'S CORRECT PEERAGE," 1802: ENGRAVINGS OF COATS OF ARMS OF PEERS. THE CURRENT DEBRETT ILLUSTRATES COATS OF ARMS.

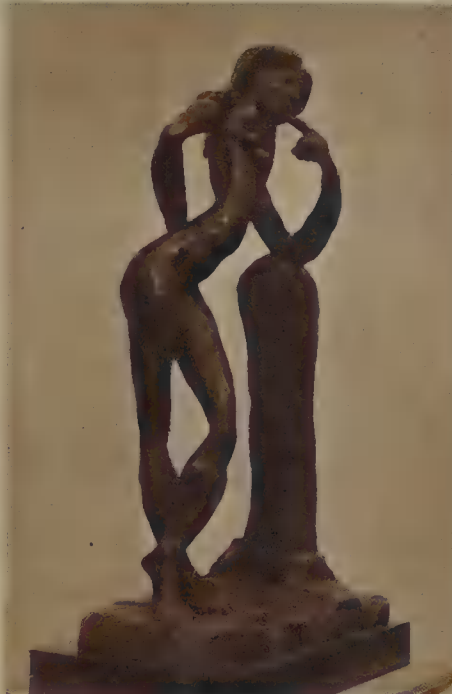
(ABOVE.) ONE OF THE TWO VOLUMES OF THE FIRST EDITION OF DEBRETT: IT APPEARED IN 1802 AS "DEBRETT'S CORRECT PEERAGE," A DESCRIPTION WHICH IT HAS CONTINUED TO DESERVE THROUGHOUT MANY ANNUAL EDITIONS.

(RIGHT.) "MADELEINE": ONE OF THE FORTY-NINE BRONZES BY HENRI MATISSE, THE VETERAN FRENCH PAINTER, NOW ON VIEW AT THE TATE.

Henri Matisse, who is now eighty-five years of age, is usually thought of as a painter, but he has accompanied all the phases of his development with an occasional piece of modelling. An exhibition of his work, which consists of forty-nine bronzes which he modelled at intervals between 1899 and 1930, has been arranged by the Arts Council and the Direction des Relations Culturelles at the Tate Gallery; and opened last week. Three paintings from the "forties" are also included.



"TWO NEGRESSES": BY MATISSE, WHOSE WORK AS A SCULPTOR IS NOW ON VIEW.



"LA SERPENTINE": BY MATISSE, AT THE FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION OF HIS SCULPTURE.



PROPOSED DECORATIONS FOR LAMP-STANDARDS IN KINGSWAY AND HIGH HOLBORN: A TRIO OF THE DESIGNS TRIED OUT RECENTLY. DETAILS OF THE SCHEME PREPARED BY THE ARCHITECT'S DEPARTMENT OF THE HOLBORN BOROUGH COUNCIL FOR ADORNING THE MAIN STREETS FOR THE CORONATION WERE SHOWN ON JANUARY 8. THE CORONET MOTIF IS REPEATED IN ALL THE DESIGNS WITH AN UNDERLYING FLORAL SCHEME. LAMP-STANDARDS WILL BE TREATED IN GROUPS TO CONCENTRATE THE EFFECT.



THE Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum has always been a little outside most people's experience. One reason no doubt was that it had—and still has—a building of its own, away

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

NEW LIGHT ON INDIA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

many remarkably sensitive studies of animals, such as Fig. 1 here (the she-elephant suckling her young) or Fig. 2, Rajah Ram Singh of Kotah speeding after a buffalo.

Most of us are familiar with Mughal pictures of fighting elephants, but also from Kotah there is something different—a fight between stallions, with the little mare, the cause of all the row, tripping coquettishly away, like Helen of Troy after the Trojan War had begun. The date is about 1810, and the sport, by modern standards, a cruel one—as cruel as our own ideas of a pleasant Sunday afternoon used to be at the time, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and so forth. As a drawing, with its firm line and keen observation both of the animals and of the spectators, and as a social document, it is of unusual interest. Rowlandson himself would have appreciated it to the full, though he would have given more variety to the various groups.

a cheetah; it did not eat flesh, but lived on the boughs of trees, which it pulled down with its tongue. I asked its keeper about the animal and he told me that it came from Africa and was very gentle." This and the other animal drawings can be compared with earlier examples in the collection; for instance, with the well-known picture of a zebra presented to the Mughal Emperor Jahangir exactly 200 years previously. This is inscribed "A Zebra which the Turks brought from Abyssinia in the year 1621." Jahangir afterwards sent the animal to Persia as a present to Shah Abbas.

Now that we are fortunate enough to have the whole wide range of Indian painting presented in so lucid and lively a manner, it is likely that more and more people—especially those who have now, or have had in the past, family connections with India—will come to realise the quality of some at least of the various minor schools, many of which were wholly unknown to all but a few specialists until this decade. I see that Faber and Faber publish a series dealing with Oriental Art and have already included in it books on Rajput and Mughal painting, and have now brought out another on the school of Kangra, with notes by Mr. W. G. Archer, who is responsible for the newly-arranged gallery at the Museum. There are some faithful colour illustrations from the Victoria and Albert Museum collection and elsewhere, and if to Western minds the meaning attached to many of them in their country of origin is strange and equivocal—never did women yearn for their lovers amid so many symbols of romantic passion—the effect is rich and delicate and poetic

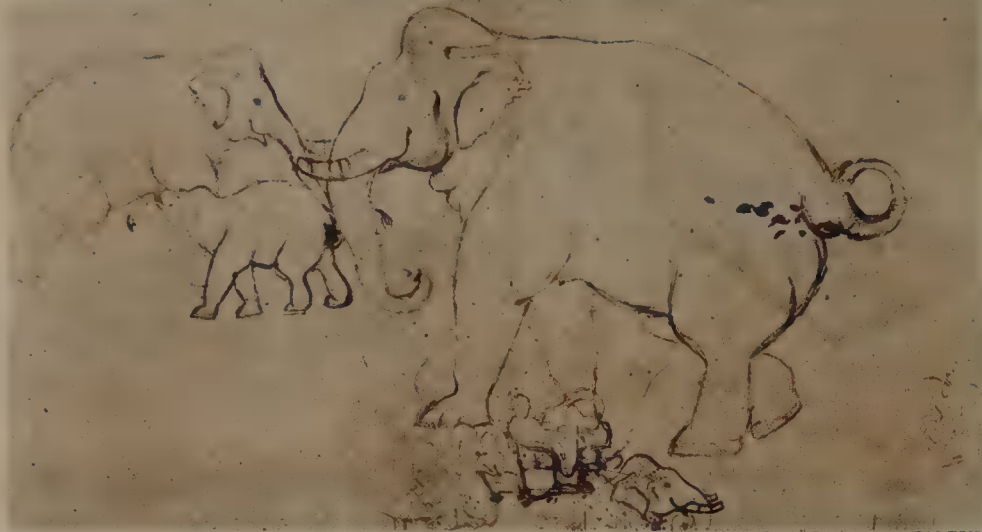


FIG. 1. "ELEPHANTS," ONE OF THE SENSITIVE STUDIES OF ANIMALS BY ARTISTS FROM KOTAH, c. 1800. Frank Davis on this page discusses the pictures, drawings and other objects in the newly-arranged Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum (other aspects of which were illustrated in our issue of December 20), and calls special attention to the flourishing school of painters of the Rajasthan Union State of Kotah, from c. 1750 to 1860.

from the main collections, with an entrance in Imperial Institute Road, and was consequently regarded as something of a poor relation. Another was that Indian Art, as displayed there in the past, and with the exception of a few outstanding examples, did not impress the average visitor as worth his careful attention. This was, of course, mainly our own fault—we were lazy and would not take the trouble. To-day, once we have passed the door, we have no such excuse. The whole place has been beautifully rearranged, notable additions have been made to the collection, and it is an effort to drag oneself away.

For the first time anywhere in the world it is now possible to stroll through a gallery and, with the help of notes and maps, and, of course, with the pictures themselves, to obtain a comprehensive notion of the range and quality of Indian painting and drawing, from the early wall-paintings (copies from the Ajanta caves) to the Court art of the Mughal emperors and of the Rajput princes, and so to the refinement of the little States of the Punjab Hills—and these will, I am sure, prove a revelation to many who, like me, had no idea that such charming and romantic little works of art (some possess the grace of a Botticelli allied to the poetic sentiment of a Keats) were produced so recently as the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

The collection has long been rich in Mughal paintings, with their graceful memories of Persia, and to them has been added in recent years a remarkable series of purely Indian works, mainly from three sources. First, there is the collection formed by the late Sir William Rothenstein and acquired last year, with the help of a grant by the National Art-Collections Fund—it was noticed on this page a few months ago. Second, a bequest by the late Mr. P. C. Manuk, a courtly old gentleman who combined a love of painting with the biggest criminal practice in the Patna High Court—until the year of his death, I am informed, he saved from the gallows every murderer whose appeal he had argued before the court. Third, there is the magnificent gift of Colonel T. G. Gayer-Anderson, who during his years of service in India seems to have had the greatest possible fun in unearthing drawings and paintings in curio shops and from the descendants of the old artist families of Jaipur, Udaipur and Ajmer. He has given his collection—about 400 items—to the Museum. It is a field which has hitherto been almost completely unexplored, and something of its interest can be deduced from these few illustrations. Who, for example, ever heard of the Rajputana State of Kotah now in the Rajasthan Union as the home of a flourishing school of painters from about 1750 to 1860? The rulers of this State seem to have had a passion for hunting, with the result that not only are there a number of sumptuous pictures showing them hunting lions and tigers, but also

There is, I hope, room for one more animal drawing (Fig. 3), this time from Jaipur—a little more amateurish, perhaps—two studies of a giraffe, or, rather, the giraffe which reached the Rajah of Jaipur about the year 1820 from Africa, and was naturally an object of extraordinary interest. It so happens that an old subadar, who later wrote his autobiography, visited Jaipur at this period and described the animal as follows: "In the King's garden I saw an animal which astonished me; it had a neck four yards long and hoofs like a horse. Its skin was all over spots like



FIG. 2. "RAJAH RAM SINGH OF KOTAH, 1826-1866, SPEARING A BUFFALO," c. 1850. The paintings and drawings from the Rajasthan Union State of Kotah in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Indian Section, include a number of lively hunting subjects.



FIG. 3. "DRAWINGS OF A GIRAFFE"; FROM JAIPUR, c. 1820. These two drawings represent "the giraffe which reached the Rajah of Jaipur about the year 1820 from Africa, and was naturally an object of extraordinary interest." Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

beyond normal experience. As I wrote earlier, something of the clear linear vision of Botticelli allied to a Keatsian imagination. It is extraordinary to realise that this delightful school of painters produced such things in an obscure petty State as late as 1820.

The gallery on the ground floor in which the collection of paintings is displayed is so interesting that it is tempting to go no further. If, however, you have an eye for such things as carpets and Mughal jades and crystals, you must ascend to the first floor, where such notable and famous things as the Emperor Jahangir's drinking cup, in green jade, an embroidered coat which is the finest surviving example of Indian embroidery of the seventeenth century, and the early seventeenth-century carpet which was commissioned in 1630 by Robert Ball, a director of the Old East India Company, for presentation to the Worshipful Company of Girdlers, by whom it has been lent. You will also find yourself spending some time in the room devoted to the textiles and furniture made for the European market between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The embroideries and painted cotton hangings and bedspreads which flowed westwards during this long period influenced European design to a degree we do not always admit. How odd that we have waited until we are no longer responsible for the administration of the sub-continent before taking steps to present its varied artistic achievements in so stimulating a manner!

ROUND THE DUTCH PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WITH THE P.R.A.: SIR GERALD KELLY'S SELECTION FROM THE EXHIBITS, AND HIS COMMENTS.



"AN OLD WOMAN WITH A PIPE"; ATT. CAREL FABRITIUS (1622-1654). (Mr. M. W. T. Leatham.)

"A most provocative picture. Whenever a scholar hazards a guess, it is immediately demolished by his colleagues. Is it French? Is it Dutch? What is it? Whoever painted those thin old fingers knew what he was about. And she is lighting her pipe from charcoal from just such a red clay vessel as is seen in Jan Steen's 'The Effects of Intemperance.'" (Gallery VIII.)



"A YOUNG SCHOLAR"; BY JAN VAN SCOREL (1495-1562). (Boyman's Museum, Rotterdam.)

"Here is a little boy who has just written something very neatly on a piece of paper—so neatly that, held up against the light, you can see his writing through the paper. This is surely one of the most delightful portraits of a little boy ever painted. Look at the drawing of his fingers." (Gallery I.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY FRANS HALS (1580/81-1666). (Sir William Dugdale.)

"Since this picture was cleaned I have talked about it, and talked about it, and written about it and written about it. What a nice woman she looks and what a lovely painting to possess." The present owner inherited the picture from an ancestor, John Stratford of Merevale, who married a descendant of the sitter in about 1700. (Large South Room.)



SIR GERALD KELLY, President of the Royal Academy, selected the paintings from the Exhibition of "Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750" at the Royal Academy reproduced on this and the following pages; and provided his own comments, specially written for *The Illustrated London News*. Sir Gerald introduces his notes in the following words: "In all these big exhibitions the larger

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS"; BY JAN LIEVENS (1607-1674). (Brighton Art Gallery.)

"This is a very difficult picture to see because it is very low in tone. But it was painted by Lievens, Rembrandt's friend, and it is known that Rembrandt possessed a picture by Lievens of this subject; so it is not unreasonable to argue that this may be the one." (Large South Room.)

(RIGHT.)

"HANNAH AND SAMUEL"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1667). (Lord Ellesmere.)

"This is another example of that supposed impossibility—a wonderful picture which tells a story. No one but Rembrandt could have told so tender a tale." It is signed and dated Rembrandt f. 1648. (Small South Room.)



"AN OLD LADY"; ATT. TO GERARD DOW (1613-1675). (Lent anonymously.)

"When this picture was bought by Hugh Lane it was dark brown. When it was cleaned we found it had a background of transparent grey and this lovely contemplative figure was set in a painted oval from which some 3 ins. on the right had been cut away." (Gallery VIII.)

Continued.] pictures and the more famous ones get most of the attention, and I am constantly hearing of people who never noticed pictures which I believe to be of the very highest quality. The ones I notice here are all pictures worthy



"HERMAN LANGELIUS"; BY FRANS HALS (1580/81-1666). (Musée de Picardie, Amiens.)

"So many people argue against representational painting, and I have even heard them argue against representational portraiture, which I think is one of the most difficult things to achieve." (Gallery II.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1667). (Dulwich College.)

"Three years ago I saw this picture and we thought it was all eighteenth-century painting, but there was just a chance that there might be something underneath, and lo! it all came away and a genuine Rembrandt was revealed." (Gallery III.)

to be the most outstanding treasures in an ordinary Exhibition, and I should like to think that there will be those whose attention will be attracted by these casual remarks." [Reproduced by permission of the Royal Academy of Arts.]

A CONTEMPORARY PAINTER'S NOTES ON OLD MASTERS: THE P.R.A. DISCUSSES DUTCH PAINTINGS NOW ON VIEW.



(LEFT.)
"STILL LIFE"; BY PIETER
CLAESZ (1597/98-1661).
(Mrs. M. G. Brown.)

"Pewter plates, a pewter flagon,
a pewter tobacco-box, glass,
lemon, a crust of bread you
positively *live* and a piece of
cheese you *positively* smell.
This is objective painting at its
best." (Large South Room.)



(RIGHT.)
"ASPARAGUS"; BY ADRIAEN
S. COORTE (WORKING 1683-
1723). (Ashmolean Museum.)
"Coorte painted three separate
versions of this picture. . . .
They are just versions made by
Coorte because it *gave* him
pleasure to paint asparagus
in; it *is* a most delightful
picture." (Small South Room.)



"A WOMAN FEEDING A DOG"; BY GABRIEL METSU
(1629-1667). (Lord Bute.)

"This *is* one of the *most* exquisite pictures *in* the whole Exhibition,
but because of its rather dim, transparent light it *is* difficult to
see it. . . . But those who stand in front of it long enough to get
used to the key *light* which it is painted will recognise what a miracle
it *is* of tender drawing *and* understanding." (Architectural Room.)



"INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH, AMSTERDAM"; BY EMANUEL
DE WITTE (1617-1692). (The Misses Alexander.)

"When this picture arrived it was the colour of brown paper. . . .
The owners courageously agreed to have it cleaned and now the
daylight streams in and *we can see* that the Rector had a good con-
gregation. The *people* kept their hats on in church, and the children
were allowed to bring their dog with them." (Central Hall.)



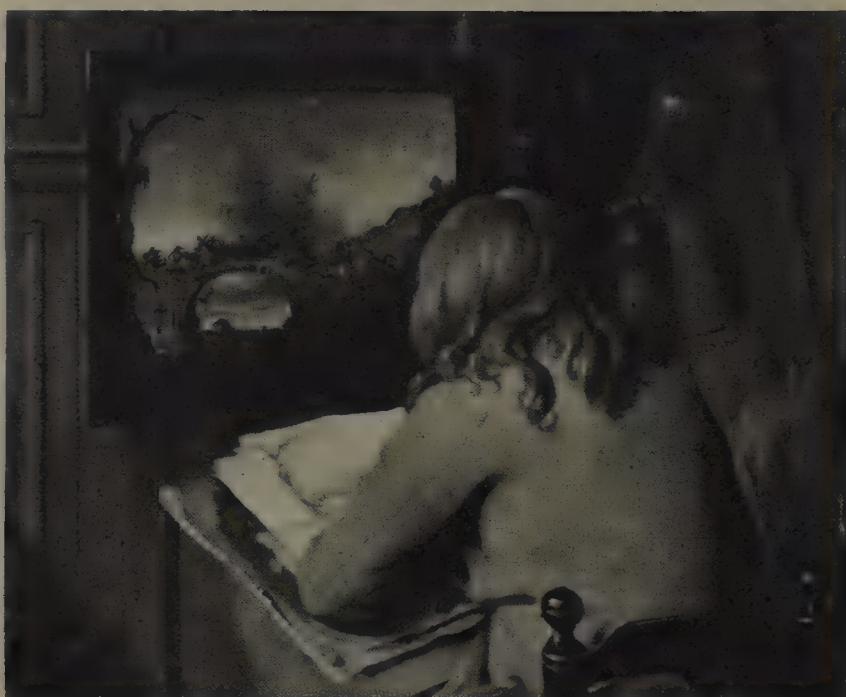
"A WOMAN CLEANING FISH"; BY GABRIEL METSU
(1629-1667). (Mr. E. W. Fattorini.)

This picture Sir Gerald considers almost equally *as* lovely as the
"Woman Feeding a Dog" by Metsu. He writes: "In the pictures
by the Little Masters everything keeps its relative place and
texture. I swear that, the more you look *at* 'A Woman Feeding
a Dog,' the more hidden *things* you find in it." This applies to
"A Woman Cleaning Fish" also. (Architectural Room.)



"VIEW ON THE MAAS IN WINTER"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691). (Lord Yarborough.)
"What a miracle of light! Surely *one* of the most luminous pictures ever painted!" Sir Gerald Kelly,
President of the Royal Academy, was a leading member of the Hanging Committee for the current Exhibition
of "Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750," and thus responsible for the admirable decision to hang the great series of
Cuyp landscapes, bathed *in* his famous golden light, with the Rembrandts in the great Gallery III. This is *a*
smaller Cuyp *in* Gallery VIII.

The great Exhibition of "Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750" is *one* of the most magnificent
displays ever arranged by the Royal Academy, and, *as* Mr. Ellis Waterhouse points
out in the introduction to the catalogue, it has been selected very largely from
British collections, although the chief Netherlands Museums have generously
contributed a few of their finest works to round out the collection. It closes *on*



"THE LITTLE COPYIST"; BY MICHEL SWEERTS (1624-1664). (Sir Francis Cook, Bt.)
"This is probably the easiest picture to overlook in the Exhibition, for it takes time to *see* it. If
you *are* in *a* hurry you probably will not notice the lay figure in the background, the wonderful
drawing of the boy's body inside his coat. Persevere, it's worth it." This painting, lent by
Sir Francis Cook, Bt., and the Trustees of the Cook Collection, was for *a* long period attributed
to De Hooch. (Architectural Room.)

March 1; and for the benefit of those who, during its last weeks, wish to take full
advantage of the splendid Exhibition, *we* have been fortunate enough to be able
to publish the comments of Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy,
on pictures which he considers *as* visitor should overlook. These, specially
written for *The Illustrated London News*, are informed, forceful and unconventional.

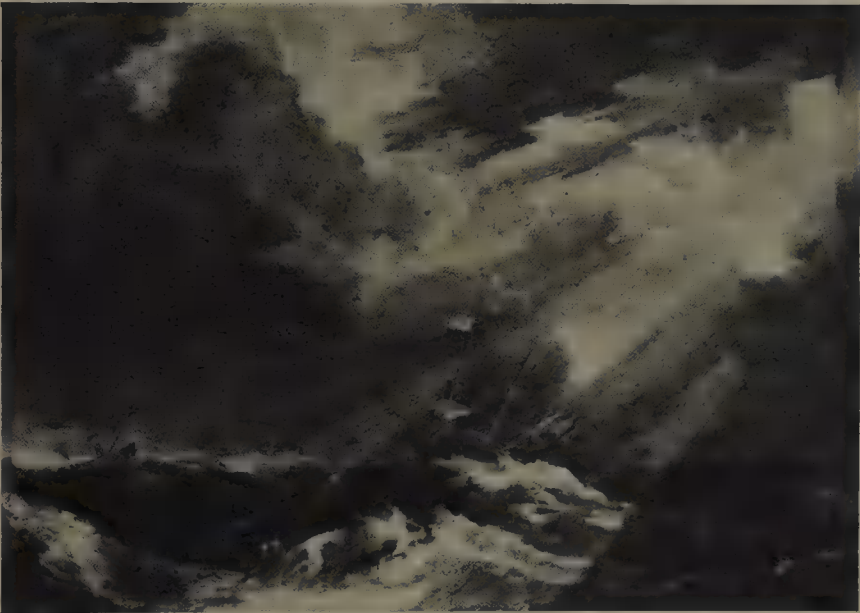
WORTHY OF STUDY: SIR GERALD KELLY'S CHOICE OF DUTCH PAINTINGS.



"A TROPICAL LANDSCAPE"; BY FRANS POST (a. 1612-1680). (National Gallery, Ireland.)
 "This artist went to Brazil in 1637 and, since he was the only painter there painting in the European manner, his pictures were rapidly becoming of increasing interest and value. This one is full of interest . . . in the foreground a most delightful assembly of creatures; a crocodile or alligator, a monkey sitting on a hillock eating, an armadillo, some strange birds and what looks like a four-legged coelacanth." (Gallery VIII.)



"THE EDGE OF A WOOD"; BY JAN WIJNANTS (1625?-1684). (Dulwich College.)
 "A picture of uncertain parentage. It was left to Dulwich in 1811 as a Jacob van Ruisdael, but when it had been cleaned it was thought to be by Wijnants—and there are some who think that the foreground was by one and the background by the other, and so you can have it both ways. But it is a lovely picture." (Gallery VII.)



"A STORMY SEA"; BY JAN PORCELLIS (a. 1584-1632). (Sir Bruce Ingram.)
 "Surely one of the most astonishing sea-pieces. Tremendous seas, driving wind, struggling ships, a heavy sky—and only 6½ by 9½ ins.—but there is no reason why it should not be 6½ ft. by 9½ ft., so perfectly is it . . . To look at it long is to begin to feel seasick and frightened." (Small South Room.)



"A RISING GALE"; BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). (Lord Ellesmere.)
 "This picture so impressed Turner that he was provoked into painting a rival to it, 'Dutch Boats in a Gale,' which is known as 'the Bridgewater Sea Piece.' When it was exhibited Ruskin criticised it because the sails were not wet." (Lecture Room.)



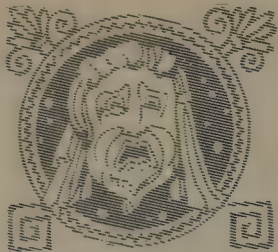
"LANDSCAPE WITH SPORTSMEN"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1628/29-1682). (Frans Hals Museum, Haarlem.)
 "When I went to Holland with . . . it was, a certain 'credit' to spend on pictures from Dutch Collections, this was one I chose. Several people asked why I spent . . . of my 'credit' on a picture by this artist so well represented in English Collections, but when they saw it they withdrew their criticisms. This is one of those small pictures which grow bigger every time you look at them—miles of dunes stretching away, and all in 13 by 15 inches. A masterpiece." (Gallery VII.)



"THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE"; BY JAN STEEN (c. 1626-1679). (Lord Allendale.)
 "Some pretend to believe that a picture should not tell a story. This painting completely refutes that silly idea. It tells a very clear story and is a masterpiece of beauty. The young woman so exquisitely dressed in pale blue and sulphur yellow is encouraging the parrot to get tight . . . everybody else is. And observe the sense of volume—how her body fills her clothes, how the grapes fill their proper space and the bowl of fruit, the velvety peaches and that little piece of Gouda (is it?) cheese. And look at the glaze on the red earthenware vessel full of charcoal." This is similar to that shown in "An Old Woman with a Pipe." (Gallery XI.)

On this page we continue the "tour" of the Exhibition of "Dutch Pictures 1450-1750" at the Royal Academy, "conducted" by the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly, whose comments are those of a distinguished contemporary painter looking at Old Masters, expressed with wit and vigour.

He points out that Ruskin said the sails in Turner's "Dutch Boats in a Gale" were not wet; but Van de Velde in "A Rising Gale," which inspired it, has painted the sail slightly darker, because it was sopping wet with spray. [Reproduced by permission of the Royal Academy of Arts.]



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FAMILIAR COMPANY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SHAKESPEARE has rung out the Old Year and rung in the New. We have been in familiar company, with Richard the Second and his usurping cousin at Hammersmith, and with Jew, Merchant, caskets and "merry bond" at the Old Vic. Here the purple patch about the "sceptred isle" (indifferently spoken, alas); there the equally famous show-piece about the quality of mercy which, somehow, sounds freshly however it is delivered—and Irene Worth is delivering it now with a passionate sincerity.

First, "The Merchant of Venice," from which I have just come, leaving Belmont under the summer stars for Waterloo Road in the January slush. The production improves progressively—so much, indeed, that we feel if we could stay in the theatre for another hour or so and see the beginning over again, everything might be well. The play opens soberly: Roger Furse takes ■■ to a Canaletto-Venice and uses eighteenth-century costume. Salanio and Salerio, the "two Sals" of stage tradition, ■■ for once heavy elderly types, not in the least like "the magnificent young men, of high-flowing speech" imagined by Harley Granville-Barker: "pageants," he said, "to over-peer the callow English ruffians to whom they are displayed."

Douglas Campbell finds an imposing presence for Antonio, the "royal merchant" who gives his ■■■ so oddly to the piece, and who seems to have some foreknowledge ("In sooth, I know not why I am so sad") of the troubles awaiting him. The Bassanio is a pleasant young man with a curiously rough edge to his voice; Gratiano and Lorenzo lack much personality. And at first it is not a great deal happier at Belmont: this is represented by ■■ austere stone pavilion that rises from the depths, contains the caskets,

the early stages of the Bond scene, has an excellent genial insolence that turns to angry contempt, and at the last to surprise. (Did we hear the actor say: "Hie thee, Gentile Jew!" as Shylock left to purse the ducats?)

Again the stone pavilion rises at Belmont, for Morocco to deliver himself; again we return to Venice.



THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET NEW PRODUCTION OF "LE LAC DES CYGNES," AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: MISS NADIA NERINA AS ODETTE WITH MR. RASSINE AS THE PRINCE ■■ ACT II. MISS BERYL GREY DANCED ODETTE-ODILE ■■ THE OPENING NIGHT, AND MISS NADIA NERINA AND ■■■ ROWENA JACKSON HAVE THIS SEASON ■■■ THEIR FIRST COVENT GARDEN APPEARANCES IN THIS FAMOUS RÔLE.

Here the producer (Hugh Hunt) and the actor (Kenneth Connor) permit themselves what is, no doubt, ■■ illegitimate joke. Launcelot Gobbo, emerging from the Jew's house, starts in amazement as the pavilion of Belmont sinks through the floor; he tests the stage with ■■ cautious foot. It is ■■ unexpected music-hall joke, quite outside the pattern of the production; but, frankly, we will take anything to mitigate the tedium of the Gobbo scene. Mr. Connor has a lively way with him, and Newton Blick, looking more than ever like a squashed lemon, decorates Old Gobbo with a whistling mannerism that helps. Still, we are relieved when the scene is over, and when we are preparing for Jessica's flight. Paul Rogers speaks with ■■■ authority the lines, "What, are there masques?" Later, we hear ■■ phrase for Lorenzo:

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul

that sounds like a strange echo of another Shakespearean figure, Orsino of Illyria. The act ends quietly without Shylock's traditional return to the empty house: we are not to have the accustomed garnishings.

After the interval the production begins to grow in the mind. First, John Warner has some amiable fooling as Arragon—a character who is fair game for a comedian, and who is now borne on in a chair. When he quits the stage, after speaking his rhyming couplets, his chair-men lift him suddenly so that he chokes on the last word. (I was reminded, no doubt irrelevantly, of the movement of the automatic lift at Goodge Street Underground Station, known to a great many Londoners: a surprising thing to enter the mind at Portia's Belmont.)

The play holds at last. Irene Worth, whose Portia has been up-and-down, gets on terms with the part; and "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand," has true feeling. After this, at the première, I noted small things less and less, a sign that the production was conquering. The second interval falls after the unexpected Jessica-Lorenzo-Launcelot scene: unexpected, because it is often cut. It has the merit of giving another few lines to Claire Bloom, a Jessica of some merit.

So, at length, to the most famous Trial Scene in the range of the Drama: to the "strict court of Venice" where a roll of drums heralds the Doge as he takes his seat beneath the Lion of St. Mark. The scene is acted soundly, without tiresome straining for effect—Gratiano, for example, rightly throws away the tiresome "sole-soul" pun—and Irene Worth, Paul Rogers and Douglas Campbell manage to excite us with the quibble about the pound of flesh and "■ jot of blood" as all Portias, Shylocks and Antonios must excite us wherever the play is acted. The effect of the Trial—one would suppose the most rubbed scene in Shakespeare—remains extraordinary.

Portia has a theatrical streak in her that has often gone unremarked. She allows Antonio's torture to be prolonged to the last seconds of the twelfth hour; but no doubt he forgives her this: Portia can win over anybody. (In the court I was glad to notice, by the way, that Old Gobbo had been elected to the Senators of Venice: the programme is silent on the matter.)

Finally, we reach the stone pavilion again—it is not the happiest setting for Belmont—and there, now under a starry sky, Lorenzo and Jessica recite what Hazlitt called so unkindly "a collection of classical elegancies," and the night ends with the comedy of the rings: one of the best-managed scenes in ■■ evening that has risen to the height we expect at the Vic. It is now we wish that, in the manner of a continuous film performance, the company could start the night once more. Alas, no. But we have been grateful for another view of "The Merchant": these are old friends with which to send off the New Year.

I have left little room to speak of the Hammersmith "Richard the Second." John Gielgud, who is the most famous Richard of his time, has produced Paul Scofield in the part. Scofield seems to me to be intensely moving, though other performances are not more than serviceable, and Loudon Sainthill's brittle, wispy sets are unattractive. Even so, for the sake of Scofield's Richard, young and piercing (especially in the Deposition), the revival should be seen and heard. Mr. Gielgud's direction proves that he knows every chopped comma in the piece.

After old friends, where next? Darkly, to "The Man" (Her Majesty's), an evening of atmospheric controlled by ■■ American dramatist, Mel Dinelli. Much is dull and repetitive; but the closing scenes, with ■■ maniac at large in the home of ■■ American widow,



"PAUL SCOFIELD'S EVENING AS A MOVINGLY-SPOKEN RICHARD IN THE GIELGUD REVIVAL": "■■■■■■ SECOND," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING ■■ SCENE ■■■ ACT II. (L. TO R.), SIR PIERCE OF EXTON (PAUL HARDWICK), ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER (JOHN WHITING), ■■ OF NORTHUMBERLAND (BREWSTER MASON), DUKE OF AUMERLE (LEO CIGERI), HENRY ■■ BOLINGBROKE (ERIC PORTER), EDMUND OF LANGLEY (RICHARD WORDSWORTH) AND (CENTRE) KING RICHARD (PAUL SCOFIELD).

and is peopled by Portia (Irene Worth), a gracious figure, though with a laugh that jarred on me, and her ladies (and zany) who compose ■■ agreeable picture. Miss Worth is not the Portia of our dreams; but she knows what the lady of Belmont should be, and she has ■■ way of fixing us with such well-pointed phrases as the rapturous-careful "It was Bassanio . . . ■■ I think he was so-called," in reply to Nerissa's line about the Venetian, the scholar and the soldier. We wonder, incidentally, how Portia has survived her life at Belmont with the eternal casket-game thrust on her by her father's will, and why the law of averages has not hit upon the leaden casket long before this.

Back in Venice, at the making of the "merry bond," Paul Rogers begins his careful, straightforward study of a firmly Hebraic Shylock: a performance without tricks, but for a while not very exciting. Maybe we have come unwisely to expect too much from our Shylocks. If an actor plays ■■ show-part we feel that he must tilt at it showily. Douglas Campbell's Antonio, during

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-HAND JOURNAL.

"DICK WHITTINGTON" (Palladium).—Water, paste, crockery-smashing, ■■ transformation scene, Richard Hearn's Mr. Pastry, Vanessa Lee as Principal Boy: in fact, ■■ good pantomime. (December 23.)

"PETER PAN" (Scala).—Brenda Bruce flies successfully at Peter. (December 23.)

"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Paul Scofield's evening as a movingly-spoken Richard in the Gielgud revival. (December 24.)

"LIGHTING A TORCH" (New Torch).—Intimate revue with ■■ occasional flash. (December 30.)

"THE MAN" (Her Majesty's).—He is Bernard Braden in moods varying between the milky-mild and the sinister-ferocious. Joan Miller is, gallantly, the Woman, and the play is protracted Grand Guignol. (December 30.)

"INTIMACY AT EIGHT" (New Lindsay).—See entry for "Lighting a Torch." There is no connection between the two revues, yet the effect at each theatre is similar: one of intermittent success. The Lindsey has the best single scene, ■■ skit ■■ current French drama called "A La Sartre." (December 31.)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Old Vic).—An evening that improves as it goes on. Irene Worth (Portia) and Paul Rogers (Shylock) have quality without being wholly satisfying. (January 6.)



"THE CLOSING SCENES, WITH A MANIAC AT LARGE IN THE HOME OF AN AMERICAN WIDOW, ARE CALCULATED TO FEED MANY NIGHTMARES": "THE MAN" (HER MAJESTY'S), A ■■ DRAMA BY MEL DINELLI, DIRECTED BY PETER COTES, SHOWING A SCENE IN THE KITCHEN OF A HOUSE ON THE UNFASHIONABLE OUTSKIRTS OF A LARGE AMERICAN CITY ■■ ■■ TERRIFIED ■■ GILLIS (JOAN MILLER) IS CUPPARED BY HOWARD WILTON (BERNARD BRADEN).

are calculated to feed many nightmares. An unlovable play, and hardly ■■ edifying one; but, for Grand Guignol addicts, Joan Miller and Bernard Braden have the proper tautness—everything rests upon them—and the dramatist turns the screw without remorse. I can hardly wish, though, that this melodrama will grow into an old familiar friend.

THREE CENTURIES OF ANIMAL ARTISTS: A NOTABLE LONDON EXHIBITION.



"A GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER SITTING ON A BRANCH OF OAK"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW (1626-1702). BARLOW, WELL KNOWN AS AN ANIMAL ARTIST, ETCHED 110 PLATES FROM HIS OWN DESIGNS FOR THE 1665 TRANSLATION OF "ÆSOP'S FABLES." PEN AND GREY WASH. (4½ by 6½ ins.)



"A TOUCAN"; ENGLISH SCHOOL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. INSCRIBED ON THE BACK IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HAND, *THE TOUCAN OR BILL BIRD FROM THE SPANISH MAIN*. BODY COLOUR. THE WATERMARK SUGGESTS THAT THE DRAWING IS LATER THAN WOULD APPEAR FROM THE RATHER PRIMITIVE STYLE. (9½ by 13 ins.)



"A RED GROUSE"; BY CHARLES COLLINS (D. 1744), A BRITISH ARTIST FAMOUS FOR HIS PAINTINGS OF BIRDS, GAME AND STILL LIFE. SIGNED AND DATED 1737. (21½ by 15 ins.)



"A SPANIEL SITTING, FROM THE BACK"; BY ANDREW GEDDES, A.R.A. (1783-1844), THE WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH PORTRAIT PAINTER WHO WAS ALSO SKILFUL AS AN ETCHER IN THE MANNER OF REMBRANDT. BLACK, WHITE AND RED CHALKS ON GREY PAPER. (3½ by 2½ ins.)



"A WHITE-BARRED BUSH-SHRIKE"; BY ISAAC SPACKMAN (D. 1771). INSCRIBED ON THE BACK *EDWARDS HAS FIGURED THIS BIRD, WHICH HE CALLS THE BLACK AND WHITE BUTCHER BIRD. . . .* WATER-COLOUR AND BODY COLOUR (10½ by 9 ins.)



"A HEIFER"; BY JAMES WARD, R.A. (1769-1859), THE CELEBRATED ANIMAL ARTIST WHO WAS APPOINTED PAINTER AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVER TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1794. RED, BLACK AND WHITE CHALKS ON GREY PAPER. (14 by 18½ ins.)

An unusual and fascinating exhibition of "Animal Drawings Throughout Three Centuries," lent from a well-known private Collection, was due to open on Thursday last, January 15, at the galleries of P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street. It is being held in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, and all proceeds from the sale of the catalogue (3s.), which contains a large number of exceptionally fine reproductions of the drawings on view, will be devoted to this excellent object, the scope of which is outlined in a foreword by the President of the Federation,



"THE HEAD OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT"; BY SIR EDWIN HENRY LANDSEER, R.A. (1802-1873). SIR EDWIN LANDSEER EXHIBITED HIS FIRST ANIMAL PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1815, WHEN HE WAS AGED THIRTEEN. BLACK AND WHITE CHALKS ON GREY PAPER. (9½ by 13 ins.)

Field Marshal Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. The drawings on view are not only of great excellence from the artistic angle, but are fascinating from the point of view of the naturalist. Gratitude is expressed by Messrs. Colnaghi to Dr. Burton and his colleagues at the Natural History Museum for the identification of certain of the animals and birds depicted by the different artists represented in the exhibition. The display, emphatically one not to be missed, will remain open until February 5.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE always had a fellow-feeling for the thick-headed squire in "Silas Marner," "whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail." Only with old Squire Cass it didn't matter. To the reviewer it is a perpetual clog; he wants to look back and compare, but all is dim, and even the distinct impressions may be a mirage. So then, of course, the great temptation is to bluff. "Giant," by Edna Ferber (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), almost provokes a little bluffing. The author has been silent a long time—quite long enough for detailed memories to be submerged. And yet one can't describe this book as a fresh start. Rather, it adds a section to her opus, her pictorial map of the United States. Therefore comparison seems *de rigueur*, and I have two near-certainties to base it on. First, she has surely never been so massive. Epic, tremendous overpowering—that is the class of adjective one might apply, without undue exaggeration, to her Texan scene, and I can't think they have applied before. While on the other hand, if earlier books had had so thin a story, so perversely told, surely one could not have forgotten it?

Granted, these vague and negative ideas make a poor show, but to expand them would be disingenuous. So now for "Giant" itself. It is so fascinating, and as a narrative so entertaining, that one can hardly call it a bad novel. That would seem ill-conditioned and absurd. Yet it has no strict title to be called a good one. Texas Displayed is the real theme; the plot is just a method of display, and, for the sake of leading off with a big bang, the end is switched to the beginning. Certainly these first chapters are superb. The sky is thunderous with wings; Jett Rink, the new oil millionaire, the "locoed hombre" with a grudge, is throwing a mammoth party for the opening of his new airport. And, in a vast stampede, all Texas is converging on it. From the Reata Ranch—that giant domain, "its feet laved by the Gulf of Mexico many miles distant, its head in the cloud-wreathed mountains far, far to the north"—the Benedicts are flying with all their house-guests, an assorted crew, including an ex-king and queen.

So it is all turned on from the word "go"—the aerial commentary, the stupendous fête, the size, the blare, the bumpiousness, the dust, the drama. . . . (That is the way it runs.) And then, in Chapter Five, comes the real start, when Leslie the Virginian girl marries Bick Benedict the rancher. For the next twenty years she is adjusting to her husband's milieu—tough steaks, interminable spaces, an infernal climate, a creed of Everything too much. Texas has *folie de grandeur*. Texas, the big, the wonderful, the folksy, is a feudal State, with the once-ruling Mexicans as serfs. It is a place where men decide, while wives propitiate and prattle. Only not Leslie, who was brought up to have ideas. She functions as the critic on the hearth; Bick is the old régime, and their two children are the future. The story leaves off in mid-air—because we made the landing to begin with. The characters are merely useful. But there is first-rate talk, and the display of Texas is astounding.

"Spartacus," by Howard Fast (Bodley Head; 13s. 6d.), is also massive and industrious, replete with fact, and much indebted to the flash-back. And as a novel it is even weaker, to the point of nullity. But it has not the compensating force of revelation. It is trying too hard; when propaganda comes in at the door, conviction flies out of the window.

Spartacus is a Hero of the Revolution. When the book opens, his revolt is crushed. He has been hacked to pieces on the field, and the surviving slaves and gladiators have been crucified. And now a group of Bright Young People are on the road to Capua, where it began—a road still lined and stinking with the "tokens of punishment." They break their journey at a country house, and fall in with the victor-general, the rising Cicero, and other persons of distinction—all wrong and bad, and all obsessed with Spartacus. For, as we find, not only was the gladiator-slave a full-fledged comrade, with the true doctrine at his finger-ends, but his opponents too are in the secret. It gnaws their guilty bosoms, like a sense of doom; and so they have to keep on talking of him. Later, we meet him in the flesh—the sheep-faced slave, "gentle and pure," who knows there is no god but man, and that the Servile War is the first symptom of the International. He might have stepped out of a propaganda poster. So might Varinia, his wife. . . . It is impressive, in a way; and, as I said, well stuffed with facts. But it is not an image of reality.

And on the other side, no more is "Ambush for the Hunter," by F. L. Green (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). Here, a young woman has arrived in England on a wave of popular acclaim. In the world's eye, she is a Czechoslovak refugee, winsome and brave; in actual fact she is a Communist, hunting atomic secrets. To get at Fawley, her intended dupe, she has corrupted his friend Charles, who is a Civil Servant; and Charles will now receive her in his home.

Yet there is no suspense, for everyone sees through her. A journalist sees through her at the airport. Charles's wife Edna reads her at a glance. Fawley can be exposed to her off-hand, without a word of warning. And to crown all, the Secret Service knows of her already. In these conditions, to have contrived a plot, required some exercise of ingenuity. One can't think afterwards how it was done, still less why it was done. Yet though remote from life, it has a kind of splintered brilliance—the hall-mark of a talent astray.

In "The New Shoe," by A. W. Upfield (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), Napoleon Bonaparte is on the coldest scent of his career. Two months ago the Split Point lighthouse, eighty miles from Melbourne, yielded a naked corpse. And not a living soul can put a name to it: which is, of course, incredible. Therefore Inspector Bony, in his favourite disguise, goes down to stay at the hotel. In the off-season quiet he recommends himself to everyone—the innkeeper, his wife, the lonely axeman in the wilds, the group of "older" families, and last, but not least, the ancient coffin-making sage. This murder of a man nobody knew is an extremely intimate affair. And it leaves Bony with a further problem. An endearing sleuth, in an unusual and attractive scene.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ANOTHER Hastings Christmas Congress is in progress as I pen these notes.

There will, however, be no Easter Congress at Southsea this year, so it is with peculiar pleasure that I announce a Chess Festival at Cheltenham from July 25 to August 8 inclusive.

There will be tournaments for every class of player, from beginner to master, of three different durations at choice: one-week, two-week, or long Bank Holiday week-end. Interspersed with the serious play there will be at least one other event daily, a talk or simultaneous display by an expert, or a lightning chess tournament.

The Cheltenham Corporation has kindly placed their Town Hall at my disposal. Lord Brabazon, whom I congratulate on his K.C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, has consented to come down and say a few words to us; if past experience is any guide, they will be not only very amusing words but also very much to the point, for if he had not devoted so much time and attention to aviation and politics, he might well have been one of our leading chess players.

I should be extremely disappointed not to assemble at least 250 players, and give all a rattling good time. I particularly hope to tempt some overseas visitors to linger on after the Coronation. If any reader of these Notes would like to receive a copy of the programme, he has only to apply to me, c/o The Illustrated London News.

Competent play by nineteen-year-old Jonathan Penrose in the first round at Hastings:

WHITE.

W. A. FAIRHURST.



J. PENROSE.

BLACK.

13. P-QK4? P×P 15. B-Q3 B×Kt!
14. P×P R-QB1! 16. Kt×B

White must either recapture with the pawn, badly weakening his king's side, or allow:

17. P-QR4 Kt-Q2 26. Q×R B-Kt4
18. R-R2 R-B2 27. Q-K2 Q-Kt3ch
19. Kt-Q2 Q-B1 28. K-R1 Q-Q5
20. Kt×Kt P×Kt 29. B-Kt2 P-B6
21. B-B2 Q-Kt2 30. B-R3 Kt-B3
22. B-R3 P-B4 31. R-R1 Q-Q7
23. P-B3 R-KB1 32. Q×P—desperation!
24. R-KB1 P×P 33. . . . Q×B
25. P×P R×Rch 34. Q-Kt3ch R-B1

The game was adjourned, but Fairhurst resigned without resumption, as 35. Q×P, Kt×KP gives Black a decisive attack. Fairhurst was never given a chance after his unlucky thirteenth move.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"WORTHIES."

"ENGLAND may not unfitly be compared to an house, not very great, but convenient; and the several shires may properly be resembled to the rooms thereof." Thus Thomas Fuller, most kindly and gentle of Anglican clergymen in an age of the most ferocious religious intolerance, opens his great work, "The Worthies of England," now edited by John Freeman (Allen and Unwin; 42s.). Fuller, some twenty years older than the great John Aubrey, was an Anglican parson with, originally, strong Low Church leanings. Just as, however, his moderate, middle-of-the-road Royalism became more resolute as the Civil War continued, so he found himself in revolt from the extreme Puritanism which the victory of the Parliamentary party brought into being. One finds him in this preliminary chapter to this vast collection of anecdotes, assembled county by county, writing

with disapproval of a generation "who, to prevent the verifying of the old proverb, 'Pater noster built churches, and Our Father plucks them down,' endeavour to pluck down both churches and Our Father together." Presumably his cloth prevented Fuller from indulging in any of the delightful indelicacies of John Aubrey, nor has he the astringent, journalistic style which would find itself at home in a modern American tabloid of the great contemporary "collector of curiosities." He has, however, wit and enough to spare, and for those who are admirers of John Aubrey it would not be uninteresting to compare the two antiquaries writing about the same person and the same place. There are plenty of Aubreyesque touches, such as the description of the battle of Rowton Heath, when the Royalists failed to follow up an initial advantage "which fatal omission (opportunities admit of no after-games) proved their overthrow." "Opportunities admit of no after-games" is pure Aubrey. On any page in this big volume, which is itself only a distillation of the vast amount of material Fuller left behind him, there is something good. I like the description of the unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby setting off to try to find the North-East Passage to whom "a large commission" was granted; "which commission did not bear date from the year of our Lord, but from the year of the world 5515 because in their long voyage they might have occasion to present it to pagan princes." "Billingsgate language" and "Cockney humour" were old in his day; while cherries—"No English fruit is dearer than those at first, cheaper at last, pleasanter at all times"—were less than 100 years young, having been "fetched out of Flanders" and first planted in Kent by King Henry the Eighth. In other ways, too, our world is little changed. Fuller tells us of Giles Fletcher, Queen Elizabeth's "Ambassador into Russia," whose Embassy, in Fuller's view, "was his masterpiece, to Theodore Juanowich, duke of Muscovy." Giles Fletcher took over his job at a difficult time, i.e., 1588, when the Dutch had maliciously spread the rumour that we had been beaten by the Spanish Armada. He did a good job for the English Muscovy merchants, but was heartily glad to get out from behind the sixteenth-century Iron Curtain. Mr. Freeman is greatly to be congratulated on the skill with which he sets the very best of Fuller before us.

I must confess to having been a little disappointed by "In the Steps of Mary Queen of Scots," by Marjorie Bowen (Rich and Cowan; 15s.). I think this is probably because of the art form—so successful in many other volumes in the series—prescribed by the publishers. So much has been written about Mary Queen of Scots that it would take a very lively pen and a most scholarly historian to add much to her formidable bibliography. The attempt to tell her enigmatic story in the form of a modern guide-book (which at first sight should enable us to get off the track so well beaten by previous historians and writers), in the event seems merely to serve to break up and confuse the narrative. It is true, as Miss Bowen points out, that the material for any life of Mary Stuart is both superabundant and inadequate. We have large numbers of her own letters and the papers and the outpourings of her contemporary friends and enemies, and yet we have no idea what kind of man, of what age and of what appearance, David Rizzio may have been. Even Mary's appearance eludes us, though we know she was tall—some people say fully 6 ft., a great height for that age—that her complexion was pale, and that her hair was anything from red to ash-blond. But just as there is a wide range of interpretation with regard to her appearance, there is an even wider range of controversy with regard to her actions. Was she the adulterous, papistical murderess of the thunders of John Knox and the propaganda of the Lords of the Covenant? Or was she the romantic, deeply-wronged, judicially-murdered innocent of those who take the other extreme view? Probably the truth lies somewhere in between. But I am not sure that I have come any nearer to it as the result of reading Miss Bowen's book.

A more agreeable book about a Scot is "The Life and Art of Allan Ramsay," by Alastair Smart (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 30s.). This is a pleasant biography, pleasantly written, of one of Scotland's greatest artists. A son of the poet of the same name, and himself by no means a bad writer (good enough, at any rate, to earn the admiration of Voltaire), Ramsay's life from its early beginnings, when his father wrote to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh asking him for money to send the boy on the Grand Tour (the description of this, incidentally, is one of the most attractive parts of the book), to his apotheosis as a rich man and the friend of the great and famous of his time, is a typical eighteenth-century success story. Mr. Smart tells it well, and the illustrations are a tribute both to the publisher and the original.

Mr. Hermann Leicht's "History of the World's Art" (Allen and Unwin; 35s.) is one of those baffling books which are so comprehensive and so excellent that they can only be reviewed at full length—or in a sentence. So I must content myself with saying that this book, which traces the history of art from prehistoric cave paintings to some of the equally primitive work of the moderns, covers all art, in all ages, in all five continents, excellently, comprehensively and satisfyingly—and the illustrations are worthy of the text.

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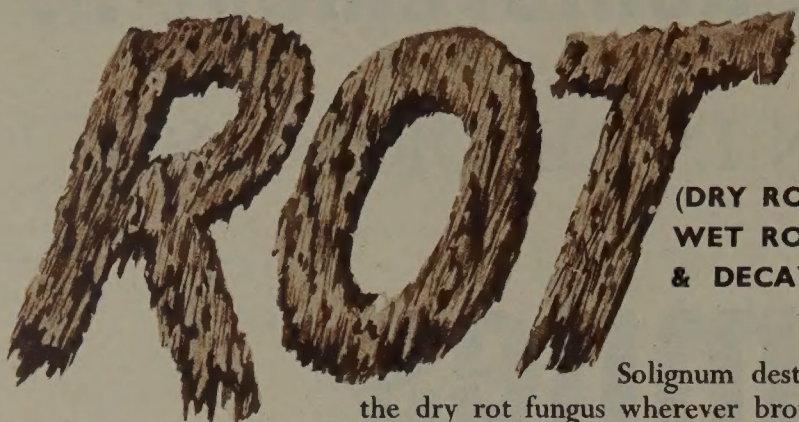
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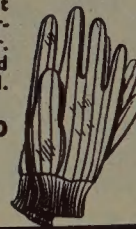
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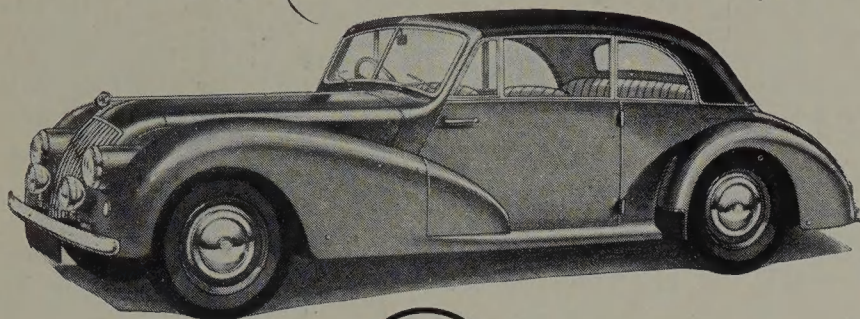
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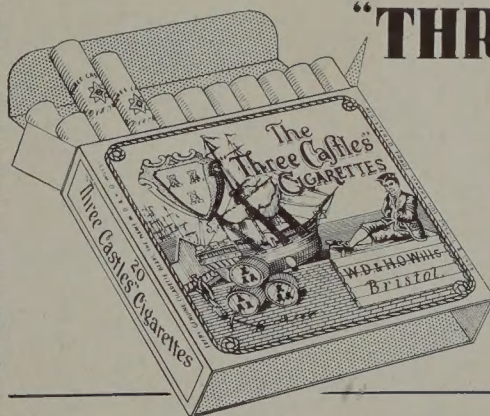


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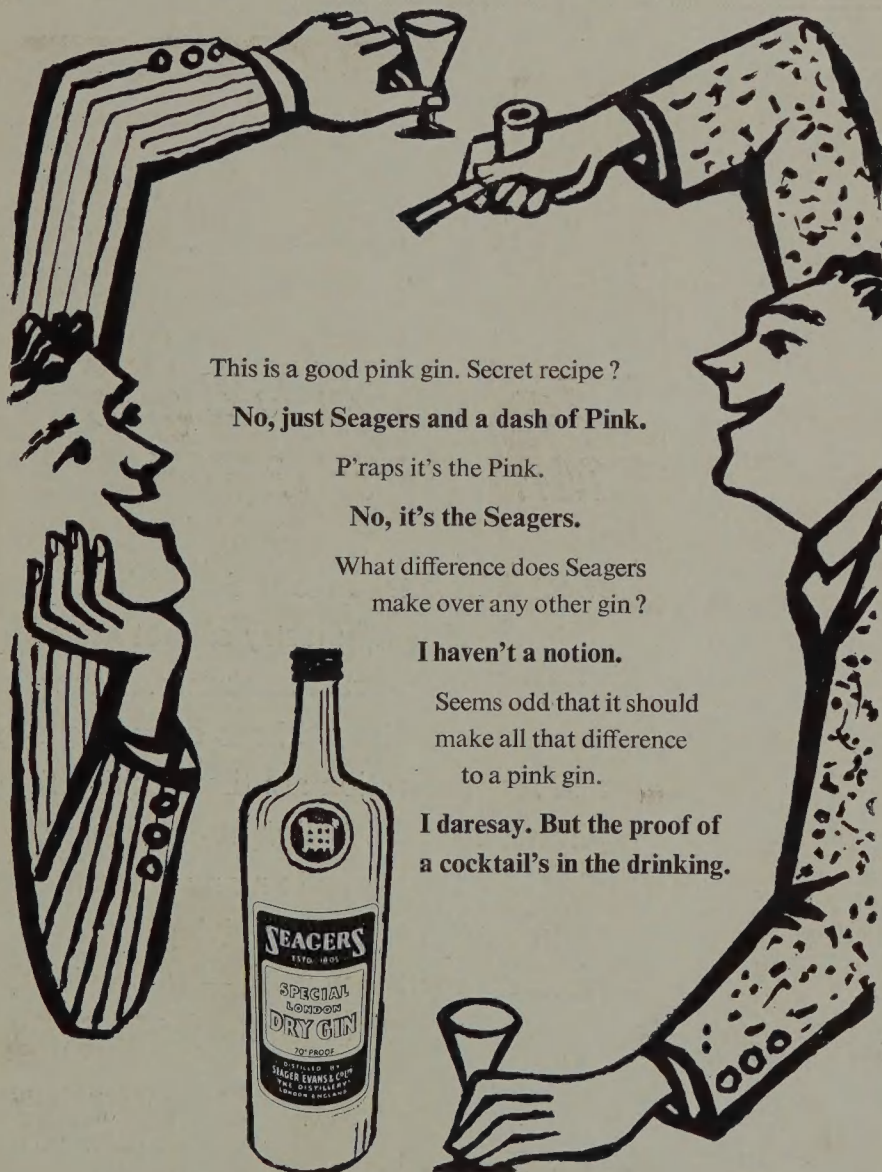
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